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The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. MAY, 1897 Number 5.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded. In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are assumed, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

THE BOOK OF JOB. CHAPTER I.

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east. And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day, and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them.

And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house; and there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them; and the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away, yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said: The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and

hath burned up the sheep and the servants and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another and said, The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house; and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.

THE characters and incidents so far treated in this series of great chapters have been those of Hebrew history. The books of Genesis, Deuteronomy, Exodus, Kings, and so on, are records of the traditional events in the development of the Jewish nation; and so the characters of Moses, David, Solomon, are the heroes of real history, as Alfred, William the Conqueror, and Charles Stuart are of English history.

But with the chapter before us to-day we are taken at once to an entirely different realm. Preserved for us here, among these Hebrew histories, and put in so prominent a place in our Old Testament, before even the Psalms or Proverbs or the Prophets, this book of Job is unique. It has been said that it has no classification with anything else in literature, that it is in itself, its construction and conception, unlike anything else that has ever been written. The book is extremely simple, direct, and entirely free from the least allusion to any prophecy or any sympathy with creeds or rituals or ceremonial.

The riddle of its origin, however, has never been solved. We have to deal with a work which we shall be compelled to judge solely by what it contains. For we have absolutely no idea where it came from, who wrote it, or when.

It has defied all scholarship and all research. "It is a point," says Davidson, "on which even this omniscient age must be content to remain in doubt." However, that it is one of the greatest masterpieces of the world's literature no one denies. It has been called the greatest poem in the world. The clearest thinkers in every age, the keenest critics, the wisest teachers, have one and all agreed that this "Drama of Job" is a work of such sublime grandeur that it has never been equalled in its special sphere. The opening words, "There was a man in the land of Uz," have the effect of putting the scene far away from the reader's associations, just as "Once upon a time there dwelt in the far East," or some such phrase, may be popularly used for the same purpose.

"Whose name was Job." Job means "made distressed," "harassed." Then follows, in a few strong, artistic touches, a living picture of the man, "whole-souled, upright, avoiding evil"; of large property, "a very great estate." This is emphasized not only in cattle, travelling camels, and working oxen, but in the luxuriousness of many servants and a great household. His fine religious earnestness is vividly brought out by a touch of local coloring: it is said that every seventh day he had all his children meet him at sunrise and hold a little family service of purification. "It may be," he says, "that some of my sons have sinned, or departed from God in their hearts." So he makes a little prayer to God for each one.

Then (for we must remember this is *not* the story itself, it is but the introduction) the scene we cannot say changes, but dissolves, as if we had two views thrown upon a large screen by a powerful duplex lantern; and three times during this brief prologue the one scene melts into the other. Now it is the halls of heaven.

Like an Oriental emperor, Jehovah holds his court. About the gleaming throne, wrapped in supernatural tints of divine color, grouped upon the jewelled floor of beaten gold, we are to behold the "Sons of God,"—beings of superhuman form, messengers and ministers of the Most High; among

them Satan, the "opposer." Jehovah asks him, as he says he has recently returned "from going to and fro in the earth," what he thinks of a man like Job.

"Oh," Satan quickly replies, "doth Job serve God for naught? You have given him so entirely everything that a man can possibly desire, that of course he is upright. It is easy to be virtuous on a handsome income, with every luxury."

What Satan distinctly implies is that there is no such thing as goodness simply for itself. From the point of view of Jehovah and his court the test question is, "Can a man remain perfectly pious and true and upright, when he has absolutely nothing to be good for?"

It is curious to notice that this is not the question which Job feels any interest in. Job's view is exactly the reverse side of the shield. It is not whether a man can keep his integrity,—he never doubts that,—but this: "Can God inflict suffering upon a man who is never wicked?"

Of this, however, the prologue says nothing. That is Job's side. The introduction, with which we are now dealing, discovers to us only the view of the contest as it is to be witnessed from heaven.

"Very well," says Jehovah, "we will see. Go, Satan, and test Job, take from him the things you speak of." Satan goes.

Immediately the clouds gather for the storm. The first heavy drops fall. The Sabeans make a raid and carry off Job's oxen and a herd of sheep and kill a great number of his servants.

While yet the messenger is announcing this disaster to Job, lightning strikes his barns, and, as they were full, all his stores are consumed, everything is burnt up. Another breathless messenger rushes in to say that the Chaldeans have fallen upon and captured the bands of camels, slaying the guard with the edge of the sword; and, while he is yet speaking, comes another, crying, "Thy sons and daughters were feasting together, and there arose a great wind and smote the four corners of the house, so that it fell; and I alone am escaped to tell thee."

The rich man is beggared, the father is childless. Here is rapid catastrophe! Here is overwhelming affliction and trial! Will human strength stagger? human courage give way? religious faith perish? and the upright man sink?

No. Job rends his mantle in mourning for his children, bows himself, and cries:

"Naked came I into the world, naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

And the author tells us in a pregnant line, "Through it all Job did not charge God with doing wrong."

This would seem like a glorious justification of human integrity, a glorious test of human nature; but the author of the book of Job describes Satan as not at all satisfied, and so Jehovah is made to give him power to try Job still further. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he was smitten with pain, so that he forsook his home and crept to the corner of a vacant lot, covered with ashes.

There his wife comes and makes her one brief speech. It is intended, doubtless, as the last drop of agony to fill full poor Job's deep cup of bitterness. "Stop crying to your Jehovah," she says. "He takes no notice. Leave him and die." Indeed, it seems to poor Job too true God does not hear him, or heed him, or care for him. Still, he reproves his wife for speaking just as the ungodly speak. Satan here seems to be satisfied. At all events, he retires and does not appear again.

So far, we have been dealing with the prologue, or introduction. This is only the beginning of the drama itself.

(*To be continued.*)

A CLEARER VISION.

There is a view from some celestial height,
  Beyond the haze that earthly fear has spread,
Where darkness is transfused with liquid light,
  That through the clouds of doubt its beams
    does shed.

There can the source of all this mystery
  Be seen; and all that now bewilders men,
In what comes in our earthly history,
  Shall be revealed unto our clearer ken.

Oh for a vision from that eminence
  That thrusts its crest from out the transient
    vales
Into the region where lies permanence,
  Into th' Eternal Light that never fails!

ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

QUESTIONS ON THE WAY OF LIFE.

This series of "Questions" is designed to meet the earnest inquiries of our young people, as they face the real demands of the religious life.

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THE FIFTH QUESTION.

CAN I BE ONE WITH GOD?

Yes. But how?

I. By knowledge.

I am, by nature, a truth-seeker; my reason, through exercise in earnest, reverent ways, harmonizes with the divine mind. Every added truth binds me powerfully and accurately with God, who is Truth.

II. By obedience.

Doing is a way of becoming one with God. I may know many laws of life; but, failing to obey them, I am in discord with divine things. The unity of man with God is secured by getting into right relations with the living conditions of godliness as regards both body and soul.

III. By aspiration.

I am at one with God when I pray, aspire, long to be related to him rightly. The great doctrine of Christianity is the truth of man's kinship to Deity. We are children of God, but incompletely living up to that ideal. Aspiration recovers us from failures, makes us repentant and hopeful, gives grounds for forgiveness.

IV. By trust.

A child trusts the good parent. It is thus with our effort to be one with the heavenly Father. From the "part" we see and know, reasonable faith leads on to happy confidence in the whole outcome of life's events. It is the beauty of a liberal religion to give the mind a saving strength of trust in God.

V. By sacrifice.

My personal wishes, my lower desires, must be sacrificed, clothed upon with a noble spirit of unselfishness. The wilful spirit is one of alienation. Jesus gives us the figure of the cross. All religions have taught sacrifice as the law of eternal life. We see in these facts proofs of the need of humility, love, abnegation.

VI. By worship.

This is the divinest attitude of my soul,—its faculties turning toward the source of all life and light, my will seeking guidance from the supreme will, my conscience asking for the everlasting right, my thought bowing before the perfect beauty.

VII. By leadership.

Holy examples help me. They who have been loyal disciples help me.

In the spirit of Jesus we are made one with him, one with all true souls, one with God. This is the great gospel yet to be known and enjoyed.

TWO ARTIST-DAUGHTERS OF ITALY.

Elisabetta Sirani—Rosalba Carriera.

Owen Meredith, in one of the most exquisite of his shorter poems, has given us the dying words of the young artist, Elisabetta Sirani, summing up her brief, beautiful career, dwelling with modest joy upon her triumphs, and lamenting her own early doom rather from the standpoint of the ambitious painter, cut short amid earnest labors, than of the young girl so suddenly called away.

Tragic and mysterious as was her death,—by many ascribed to poison administered by some jealous rival,—the span of Elisabetta's life, numbering, as her countrymen would say, only "five lustres," comprised, in its quarter of a century, as rich a dower of artistic talents and achievements as may be found even upon the long roll of Italian celebrities of her time, united to a noble and attractive personality. Her contemporaries wrote of her with enthusiasm. She has been called a complete artist, combining originality and fertility of invention with a minute knowledge of drawing, and all the technique of her profession. One of her countrymen calls her "the heroine among artists." While another, after praising her skill and her incessant industry, speaks of her quiet domestic virtues, her habit of rising at daybreak in order to perform household duties and gain time for her studies in music and poetry, her cheerfulness of disposition, and her modesty in dress. After making all due allowance for the touch of extravagance apt to be found in Italian eulogiums, there still remains to us the image of a lovely and brilliant young creature, well deserving of honor, even among the great names of her land and century, a worthy daughter of Bologna, so famed among Italian cities for its record of art and learning, and a worthy pupil of Guido Reni, near whom she lies buried in the church of San Domenico.

Elisabetta Sirani was born at Bologna about 1640, and, like so many artists afterwards distinguished, was the daughter of a painter, who, discovering her great ability, had her enrolled among Guido's pupils. Her progress in art was so rapid, and she executed with such quickness, that those who envied her her rising fame did not scruple to assert that her father passed off works of his own as hers. Admitting visitors to her studio, she is mentioned as drawing and shading a series of subjects chosen by some guests of high rank while they looked on; and, at the age of twenty, she had hardly received the commission for a large picture of the baptism of Jesus before she had completely sketched an outline of the whole. In addition to her skill as a painter, she excelled in modelling and in engraving on copper. It was in 1655, when she can have been scarcely more than fifteen, that her first public work was executed; and the list of her productions in oils, during the remaining decade of her life, amounts to one hundred and fifty carefully finished pictures and portraits, many of them of large size. Her instruction was sought by women eager to study art, and her two sisters were among her pupils. Bologna, in the seventeenth century, numbered more women of talent among her artists than any other town in Italy; and "la Sirani" may be classed in the front rank of her gifted daughters.

The sketches given us of the short career of this brilliant girl present a bright picture of successful striving and of well-earned triumphs against the quiet background of a simple burgher household. It is stated by one of Elisabetta's biographers that her whole soul was absorbed by art, to the exclusion of all thoughts of marriage; while another declares that she had been strongly attached to a young painter, of whom her father did not approve. As much confusion and contradiction exist regarding this subject as upon the mystery of her sudden death. Some say that she died of a violent fever; while the majority, as already mentioned, did not hesitate to aver that she had been foully poisoned, either by an unworthy suitor, whom she had spurned, or by some jealous rival, or some great personage whose service she had declined to enter, or even by some celebrity who was said to have been offended by a caricature, and to have hired a servant-girl to put poison into her food. It is easy to understand how the effects of death from virulent disease may have given rise to the belief that the beautiful face upon which her fellow-citizens flocked to look as she lay in state may have

been disfigured by poison. Her burial, with much heartfelt pomp and ceremony, took place Nov. 14, 1665. A little volume of poetical tributes to her memory, in accordance with the fashion of her time, was soon published.

Rosalba (Rosa Alba, or White Rose) Carriera was born at Venice in 1675. Her father was the son of a painter, and had himself followed the calling of an artist before he received an appointment under the government. Her mother was a lace-maker, and Rosalba (who seems to have been the eldest of three daughters) in early life devoted herself to this occupation, but was forced to abandon it, as too trying to her sight. Thoughtful, retiring, and caring little for ordinary amusements, she found her chief pleasure in drawing. She copied a design made by her father for the heading of a sonnet with such accuracy that an art-student, showing it to his master, led the way to the recognition and cultivation of the child's talent. This friend afterward quitted Venice; but his place was filled by Antonio Nazari, an eminent painter in pastel, and by several other well-known artists, among them an Englishman named Cole, who is said to have directed her efforts toward portrait-painting. Already she had tried her skill at painting miniatures, but had been compelled to discontinue it because, like the lace-making, it was injuring her eyes. Like Elisabetta, she became celebrated for severe accuracy of drawing, united to great richness and beauty of coloring. Like her, she acquired a more than local reputation in her youth; while, unlike the Bolognese maiden, she was far from being gifted with outward charms in proportion to her genius.*

At Florence, in the gallery of the Uffizi, we find a collection filling more than one large room, consisting entirely of the portraits of many celebrated artists painted by themselves. Among them is that of Rosalba Carriera. It is the life-sized, half-length picture of a woman still young, in the dress of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, with a countenance that, however far from handsome, ought scarcely to be stigmatized as ugly, and which attracts us by the calm, clear, honest gaze and earnest, thoughtful expression, tinged by a certain shade of melancholy. She has a fine brow, eyes either gray or blue, blond, abundant, curling hair, and a nose rather flat and broad, of a type not unusual in Italy, spoiling what might otherwise have been a comely face, in spite of the somewhat large but well-formed mouth. Devoid though it is of all claims to beauty, her appearance seems equally far removed from that excessive ugliness which Italians designate by the term *molto brutta*, which was unhesitatingly applied to Rosalba by the Emperor Charles VI., who, when she was presented to him at Vienna by the artist Bertoli, is said to have exclaimed with brutal frankness, "She may be clever, Bertoli mio, this painter of thine; but she is remarkably ugly!"

Exaggerated though it would seem to have been, this rude imperial comment appears to contain the key to much that was characteristic of Rosalba's life. An Italian writer has said that she was quite aware of her own extreme plainness, and suggests that much of the melancholy, often amounting to hypochondria, which weighed habitually upon her, might be traced back, at least in part, to this source. Her career was from first to last a successful one. From her quiet, laborious girlhood in Venice, when she studied the art of portrait-painting in pastel with such results that she had the honor of being elected a member of the Academy of San Luca, all through the long years of her maturer triumphs at home and abroad, when her studio was visited by crowned heads, and she received commissions and costly gifts from personages of distinction, Rosalba had no cause to complain of being unrecognized, or even of being forced to wait and struggle on, in hard obscurity, ere her merits became known to the world. The list of her noble and royal patrons is long. Much is told us of the portraits painted for kingly houses, of the splendid presents sent to her, besides the large sums paid for her work. She sold a valuable collection of original compositions from her house in Venice to the Elector of Saxony, and specimens of her skill were to be seen in nearly all the courts of Europe. Many of her pictures have been engraved. A number of these are now in

*Recent criticism has challenged Rosalba's claim to perfect accuracy of design, though her skill as a colorist, and the fact of her great success during her long life, may be considered beyond a doubt.

the Dresden gallery. She was made a member of the academies of Bologna, Paris, and Rome.

In the prime of her fame, though not of her youth, since she must have been midway between forty and fifty, Rosalba accompanied her mother and her brother-in-law, the decorative artist, Antonio Pellegrini, husband of her sister Angiola, to Paris. At the house of Pierre Crozat, a celebrated art collector, she passed almost a year, being received into the academy in October, 1720. Her journal of this period was published under the title of "Diario degli Anni 1720–21, scritto da Rosalba Carriera," long after her death, in 1793, by Vianelli, who owned a collection of her paintings. After this long and brilliant sojourn in Paris, where she was welcomed in the best society, and a brief return to Venice, she went by invitation to the court of Vienna, where her reception by the Kaiser has been already described. In spite of this unceremonious welcome, he proved a valuable patron to his Venetian guest, whose enthusiasm for Germany found vent, after she had gone home, by declaring that she always said her prayers in German "because the language was so expressive." This little trait seems in harmony with what we know of Rosalba's character. Serious, earnest, and high-minded, she lived and moved in the midst of a corrupt and degenerate society, both at home and abroad, without one breath of evil ever touching her name. She was reluctant to take pupils. There is a story extant that a lady of rank, eager to learn the secret of Rosalba's methods, actually disguised herself and took service in her household, in order to be able sometimes to watch the painter at her work. Rosalba, observing her new domestic's intelligent desire to learn, gave her some hints which proved invaluable; and the lady afterward became celebrated as a painter of miniatures, receiving an appointment at the court of a German prince. We cannot vouch for the truth of this legend, as so many other stories have grown up round Rosalba's history, which more recent researches have tended to disprove.

Triumphant though her public career continued to be, there always seemed to lurk a deep sadness in the background of her soul. An Italian writer tells us that Rosalba once painted a likeness of herself with the forehead crowned by a garland of gloomy leaves, as if symbolical of death or sorrow. When her friends asked her the reason, she replied that this was prophetic of her own life, which, she felt sure, was fated to have a tragic end.

It has been suggested that her somewhat solitary and intensely laborious existence, acting upon a temperament at once grave, earnest, and capable of deep enthusiasm, may have heightened that tendency to hypochondria which has been traced in Rosalba from the start. Much might be said concerning the effects of a life led, like hers, upon the edge of a brilliant and luxurious society in which she herself was privileged to move among her social superiors, as a gifted being, on the strength of her own genius, while all the time secretly aware that this was not her native sphere, that she was "in it, but not of it"; that, in a word, she was valued, sought after, and admired as an artist, while, as a woman, she remained alone. It is a life-picture which we can easily fill up for ourselves, and see how the sad-hearted painter's prophetic garland of dark leaves was not inappropriate. It has been supposed that, in painting this picture, her mind was oppressed by a foreboding which her old age was destined to realize.

Reference has been made to the weakness of her eyes, which could not bear the exertion of lace-making or of painting in miniature. That they must have been habitually overstrained during all those long years of close and loving application to her art seems beyond doubt. It was about 1746, when she was already quite seventy or seventy-one, that she was compelled to give up painting because of her fast failing sight.* Probably her disease was cataract, since we

*Mrs. Ellet says of Rosalba ("Women Artists," p. 231) that "before she was fifty years of age she became totally blind," adding that her mind soon gave way, and that she lingered on thus until eighty-two. In the London *Art Journal* of 1886, p. 273, Carew Martin says that her blindness dates from about the year 1750, when she was already half-way between seventy and eighty, having been born in 1675. He makes no mention of the story of her mental failure; and we may hope it belongs among the legends referred to as springing up around her memory, but unproved. Sad though her closing years were, in harmony with her own forebodings, it is yet a relief to know that the period of her blindness may be relegated to old age instead of blighting her in the prime of middle life.

are told that she underwent an operation which only restored her vision for a day or so. Blindness became complete, and the last seven years of her life were spent in retirement. Among other legends current relating to her last days is one to the effect that her mind gave way under her misfortune. That she cannot have been legally *non compos* for any very long period is proved by the fact that her will, signed in a tremulous hand "Rosa Alba Carriera," and bequeathing her considerable property to her sister, relatives, and friends, was executed only five months previous to her death, which took place at Venice, April 15, 1757, at the age of eighty-two.

Her burial was conducted with all that display of artistic beauty and sympathizing public homage with which Italians love to honor departed genius, and the unique pageantry of a Venetian mourning train along the wide lagoons, such as the story of Browning's funeral procession has made familiar to us all. She was laid in the now demolished church of San Vito, in what is the artist quarter of the Venice of to-day. Like Elisabetta Sirani, her bier was surrounded by crowds of her fellow-citizens, eager to show respect to her memory.

It might be asked which of these two gifted daughters of Italy had the hardest fate. The beautiful, admired Elisabetta was snatched away from a loving circle in her prime, when scarcely yet old enough to have gained the maturity of even her precocious powers. The plain, melancholy Rosalba Carriera lingered on, to outlive the exercise of her genius, to realize her own saddest presages of evil, to drink the dregs of her solitary, self-contained, unsatisfied existence, and to pass the last seven years of her long life enfolded in darkness, brooding over the past. It would seem as if these women should have changed places,—as though Elisabetta should have been allowed to live and to develop her many-sided gifts amid her accustomed circle of appreciative adorers at home and abroad. It would have spared many a pang to Rosalba if she could have passed away,—if not in early womanhood, at least before the awful prostration of her faculties, in the autumn time of her fruitful career, before she had been chilled through by the blasts of a pitiless old age. Perhaps, when blindness and enforced inaction were gathering round her, she may have sometimes felt disposed to envy her young predecessor in art, who had perished so soon and so suddenly at Bologna, among her early laurels, ten years before Rosalba had been born. In the long list of Italian women artists of this period there are no two names which seem to stand out in such striking and pathetic contrast as these two. Who shall say which of these richly laborious lives was, after all, the most or the least happy? Was it sadder to die in youth, with life's best labors not yet done, or to outlive art and activity and creative joy, to behold one's own decline, without and within, after the harvest had been gathered long ago? There is much to be said upon both sides of this question. From the purely human standpoint it might seem as though our sympathy should most be given to Elisabetta, who was so early doomed, even though her brief, bright career may have held more unalloyed happiness in its slight compass than Rosalba's long, melancholy course. Possibly, the true artist might say that joy and grief, praise or blame, in the artist's own estimate, count for but little by comparison with the knowledge of having made the utmost of the powers intrusted, and that, judged by this, the sad Rosalba, even in her old age and darkness, may have felt that her life, at least, had been no failure, even when most unhappy, since she, too, was one of those enviable ones who can proudly say that they have finished the work which has been given them to do.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—*Irving.*

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen:
We always may be what we might have been.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE AT THE ENGLISH NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, APRIL 6, 1897.

There is one question which occurs to every minister in church and sect, to every interested member of a congregation, to all who, not yet attending public worship, care for the progress of religion. It is this: "Is there any general statement, even law, which may be laid down with regard to the best way of preaching, and the main subject of preaching?" If that were possible, it would be an equal good for minister and congregation, for those who speak and those who hear; and it would apply to the case of all the teachers and congregations, in every religious body, over the whole world.

The main subject of preaching is the human heart of man and the human heart of God, and their natural relation of love to one another. All that belongs to love, of man to man, of man to God, of God to man,—that is the main subject. And the best way of speaking of it is always to keep close to nature,—to the common, simple, universal outgoings of the very heart of man.

Of course there would naturally be exceptions to this, or what would seem exceptions. When a crisis in public affairs occurs, such as now meets us in the policy of the government to Crete or in the question of education, a crisis which involves the principles of freedom and justice on which our national life is founded, it would be wrong not to speak of it in the pulpit, as the prophets of Israel spoke. When a crisis in theological thought occurs, or in social movements toward a nobler life for the people, we must speak directly and unmistakably; but even in these crises we speak chiefly because below the political, economical, or intellectual points concerned there lies in these questions that which impassionates the human heart, which has to do with our love of man and our love of God, the mover of men.

And there are times, also, perhaps every year, when it is wise to preach sermons on matters of doctrine or practice seen from the standpoint of the intellect alone, on matters of theological history or ceremony, academic sermons which tell us how to analyze and formulate our faith, how to wring the laws of religious development out of the history of religion. They are exceptions which the rule allows, provided the rule is obeyed; and they are wisely kept distinct from the sermon, in sets of lectures or courses, because there is great danger lest the minister and the congregation may come to like them so well that they may cease to care about the emotions of the human heart or the aspirations of the human soul, and even altogether to ignore that spiritual and ideal life in God which lies beyond the regions alike of the intellect and of the conscience. And then religion decays, and the church where this kind of discourse forms the rule thins away into vanity and emptiness. As exceptions, then, they are useful, even needful. But the bread and meat, the water and wine, the air and light of the pulpit and the church, from week to week and year to year, that by which minister and people live and move and have their being, by which they grow in power and in unity, by which they extend their force beyond themselves, and draw the outward world to them, is the continuous preaching of the human heart of men and of the human heart of God, of the doings of human nature which kindle emotion and imagination, and of those deep desires for the invisible and the absolute, in which men most feel their brotherhood to men and their immortal kindred with a God who loves them. The natural feelings in which all men share, and in which we believe God shares, in which even the animals partly share, the universal, common loves and sorrows, joys, and aspirations of the impassioned soul, and their working in human life,—there is the main region of our work, the foundation, the building, the furniture and the ornament of it. There is only one day in the week in which this vital business can be done publicly, by the human heart speaking to other hearts with the force of personality. Why should we use up that day, and shirk its special work, in essays, lectures, discourses, which belong to other realms than the realm where God and the soul embrace, where the heart of man meets with the immense humanity to which it belongs?

The world in which we live is a sorely troubled world, full of woful sins and their desolate results, torn with sorrows, terrible with inward and silent battles. The men and women who sit below the minister, the minister himself, the million souls who belong to no congregation,—if we could but look within upon the world of their hearts, on the labors of their spirit,—are, for the most part, tossed in storms of trouble, crying for light and peace, battling desperately against wrong, stretching forth their hands to God, or vainly longing for a sight of him. And when, on one day in the week, we come, freed from the outward, to hear our brother's voice speak to the inner life, we want to listen to something which touches our own trouble and the vast trouble of the world. We want to hear how we can forget rightly our sins and get rid of them, how God can help us, how we can conquer our sorrows and get their good, how we can love and how we are loved, and how the inevitable pain of our brothers can be relieved. We want to be told of joy and sympathy and comfort, of the powers of love with us in the fierce warfare which we cannot escape. This is the voiceless cry which goes up Sunday after Sunday from congregated human hearts all over the world. What have we to say to it?

We live in a world of controversy. Day by day, week by week, we are divided into parties that war with one another, denouncing, battering, even hating each other, as we contend about political, social, economical, literary, theological, and scientific questions, —obscure, unsettled questions of the intellect. The press is filled with this work. Our daily life from Sunday to Sunday, our social meetings, are filled with it. Fighting and noise and obscurity and complexity beset us; and it is all but impossible to hear the still voices, or to breathe the air of the fresh infinite, or to touch the quiet of God, or to sit among the mother-thoughts of the universe.

So, wearied, we want on one day, at least, to escape from this; to feel what love and gentleness and tolerance mean; to forget that we are men of a party, and to remember that we are men and brothers; to get into the deep quiet that lies at the heart of things, and to touch what is simple and easy to be understood and childlike to feel; what belongs to poor and rich, to learned and unlearned, to the child and the old man, to the one universal human heart which flows deep below the surface of life, that surface ruffled so fiercely by the winds of our parties and our problems, crossed so incessantly by the ships which bare our vain and quarrelling and impermanent desires. These are the things we want, as we meet on Sunday,—rest and love and peace,—no controversy, things for the soul that are simple, things that endure. A voiceless cry goes up for them from the congregated hearts of the world. What have we got to say to it?

We live in a world of steady commonplace. All the week long we are at business, in the midst of money-making and law and trade; shut up in material things from morn to afternoon, or drifting in idleness from club to club, from amusement to amusement, tied to the heavy chariots of society. Beyond ourselves, our class, our commerce, speculation, and entertainment, we have, for the time, few thoughts or hopes. All is of the world, of the visible, the transient, and the material. A great deal of our pursuit of knowledge keeps us close to the material, and even our art and literature are often turned into matters of money and success in the world.

Yet he would have a false view of human nature who imagined that this is all that it desires. Below, deep below all this self-interested and outside life, even in those most enslaved by it, the soul aspires. It seeks the perfect, the love and beauty which are eternal, the invisible things of God, the world in which all the vain realities of the earth are as dust and ashes, the hopes and faiths which are unprovable, but felt and loved, the creations of the pure imagination which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. In spite of all the tyranny of the material, the soul "follows the gleam": the ideal lifts its glittering head above the turbid waters of the real, and claims to be the veritable real.

In nourishing and in kindling this infinite outgoing of the soul is the salvation of persons and societies, of nations, and of the whole world. We want it spoken to and encouraged at least once a week: we want to hear of things which have nothing to do with money and business and fashion, with the course of the world that passes away;

we want to touch the life of God, the ideal hopes and desires of the spirit, the eternal love, the ineffable beauty, the righteousness which is never satisfied with itself, the absolute self-forgetfulness.

On one day, at least, let us be drawn upward into the light which never was on sea or land, into the country where the spirit is at home, and walks, a happy guest, with the great ideas. A voiceless cry for this help goes up from overwhelmed men and women, overwhelmed by the pressure of the material world. What have we to say to it?

To satisfy, even to speak to, these cries is not an easy thing to do. It is ten times easier to write essays on subjects of art, of literature, of history, of sociology, of science, of ethical matters, of theological doctrine; and, indeed, these discourses have their use and place. But the other,—to speak home to the soul troubled with temptation, sin, and sorrow; to get down to the simple foundations of the universe, where is quiet, and where love lets us loose from controversy; to find and manifest the ideals which answer to the deepest powers in the hiding-places of human nature,—this is not easy. It is so difficult that it is continually evaded. Nor, indeed, are men prepared for it. The education given in all the schools of the country, in colleges, and in universities, takes no note of these things. It is almost wholly intellectual, scientific, and critical. The world-tendency, at the present moment, puts these things of the inner life of the heart and spirit aside, and dwells altogether on that which is to be seen and proved, on the matters which can be analyzed by the intellect, and put into successful practice by our capacities for business. It is difficult, in the midst of this, to speak to the wants and passions of the soul in man; but it is a difficulty which ought to be faced and conquered, and which the whole world before long will be grateful to men for having conquered.

As I say, the task is not easy, nor is its preparation. It needs a knowledge of human nature, a knowledge hard to attain; a knowledge one can scarcely begin to attain till our education is over; a knowledge which must be pursued with undying eagerness and sympathy all our lives long. And it needs that, day by day, as this knowledge grows, we should take it with us to the throne of God, and bind it up with Him who is the source of human nature, so that we should never think of man, or speak of man, without thinking of God and speaking of God, or never think or speak of God without thinking and speaking of man.

To believe in this way in God, and to try to know the infinite personalities of human nature; to have enough imagination to see face to face the trouble of humanity; to love and understand its good, and through its good its evil; to hear the vast travail of the race working out, through sorrow and sin, through its passions for rest and for the perfect, the new humanity which is to be; to penetrate below the surface of life, and there to watch, and help in, the battles of the individual soul; to feel with all the universal and common passions; to get down to the parent laws on which the human soul is built, and to which all the amazing variety of human nature can be referred,—this is the difficult task of the teacher who would be a power for good in the hands of God; and he cannot do it by his intellect. It must be done by long trained love and by steady self-forgetfulness, by earnest faith in man as the child of God, and in God as the father of man.

We learn that knowledge slowly, letter by letter, word by word, but to preach it lovingly as we learn it, and to hear it wisely, —there is the moving power, the inspiration, the art by which the world is helped, comforted, made alive and joyful, and regenerated; and when the fire of prophecy is cold, and the impulses which set spiritual mankind forward have lost their spring, when criticism has taken the place of literature, and metrical science the place of poetry, and ethical, intellectual, doctrinal, and ritualistic discourses have driven the true sermon from the pulpit,—it is only by a return to nature, to the heart of man, to the spirit of God in him, to that with which science and criticism and the powers of the intellect have nothing to do, to that which leaves ethics behind, and soars into the region of divine love, that the art of prophecy and poetry and preaching will be again made vital, powerful, new, and glorious.

I might give from history a hundred instances of such regeneration, but two will

be enough. When the art of painting was dead, or had nothing in it to move itself or the world, one man, the scholar of another who had vaguely begun the work, brought it back to nature. Giotto, full of the passion of humanity, restored his art, and set it into centuries of movement, by returning to the simple and vivid representation of the common feelings of the heart. He painted motherhood and childhood, and wrote their emotions on the face. He painted the adoration of the soul, the bitter sorrows of loss, the rapture of the spirit rising to God, the simple loves and faiths of human nature. Even when he was most symbolic, he was close to nature. Men read clearly what he meant, and rejoiced in it. They drank again of the ancient springs, they felt the life of the world beating in his pictures. His whole society rose around him in excitement and delight, and his art became a power of life. Fire was brought to men. As it were out of nothing, a host of new creators rose.

When poetry in England had become critical and didactic, and in it imagination and passion had died, when it only spoke to a cultured class of men, and these only asked of it fine phrases of the critical intellect, how did it once more pour forth fresh waters from the living rock, and quench the thirst of the weary pilgrims of eternity? It went back to sing of the common woes and common love of mankind, of the faith and hopes of common men, of motherhood and sweet-hearting, of "joy in widest commonalty spread," of all the universal emotions of the human heart. It sang of the simplicities of the flowers and birds, of the clouds and waters of the earth in contact with the heart of man, of the silent influences which flow day by day from the common works of God in the souls of the ignorant and the wise, of the shepherd and the king. The new birth slowly grew. A few poets began it, and touched some of the chords of this living harp of common nature. At last Wordsworth came, and smote, like the desert chief of old, the rock; and poetry was reborn. All the great singing of this century traces its living waters back to him. Poets rose out of the impulse that he gave in a rejoicing host. Again the world was taught to hang upon the breasts of Nature, and to drink the milk of joy. Again it was brought back to the fountain of life, to the every-day heart of man, and its ever fresh outgoings. Again the world was comforted, healed, and inspired, taught to love, admire, and rejoice. The simple and quiet, the eternal and ideal, were once more made the heritage and the pleasure of mankind.

These two examples are enough. They might be multiplied out of history. Every resurrection of the life of the world has a similar beginning. And, if we wish to renew the religious life of England, to make our preaching and our practice into inspiration, let us return to the natural, to the common doings and wants of the human heart and the longing spirit, and put the things of mere knowledge, of criticism and analysis, of the barren intellect, into the second place. What have we to do with them when we speak and listen, heart to heart, soul to soul, in the hours of worship, when we commune face to face with God, with nature, and with humanity? With other things we have, then, to do,—with those immortal labors and powers of the universal heart of man which link us to all our brothers and our common Father, which grow not old, interest in which never fails, whose beauty is always new, whose variety is infinite, whose life kindles life, whose passion has its source in God.

But the subjects contained in this return to the natural and common things are not, it is often said, sufficiently great or interesting or beautiful or enough for a lifetime of teaching. That is the great mistake of the present time. It is that mistake which now makes the work of all the arts so poor, and especially the art of preaching. We have lost the sense that under the universal and common things of human nature, and not in the specialized and the uncommon, the greatest lies, and the loveliest and the most enduring. We have lost the sense that in those emotions which are common to all men, and not in the working of the educated intellect which is not common to all, that in love, and not in knowledge, the noblest and divinest powers lie. We have lost the sense that not in those ethical doings of conduct which can be prescribed and reckoned up, but in the passionate love of the spirit of man for the perfect—for that which never can be prescribed, and

never can be reckoned up—the highest glory of man is to be found. Were it otherwise, were the seldom seen the best, and the most rarely met with the most interesting, the world would be indeed misfortuned. Had nature made the most lovely things the least common, it were not well-bred of nature. On the contrary, God, the master of nature, has been so kind to us that all that we need for the exalting of the spirit for the fairest emotions of the heart, for all that the imagination can desire for its food, is scattered broadcast, in universal profusion, over outward nature and in the world of the human heart. Infinite beauty, joy, and love are poured out before us, if we will but open our eyes and love. Yes, under the common lies the greatest and the loveliest. In the daily life of the affections abides what is most interesting and most inspiring.

And the most enduring and the most moving subjects are to be found in the every-day humanities, in the common love of man to man, in the simple joys and sorrows of simple men and women, in the daily self-forgetfulness of mother and child, of wife and husband, in the feeling which we share with the animals, which have lived for countless centuries. Take only that self-sacrifice for the sake of love, which rejoices to be itself in every rank, and knows no caste. It is the outcome of the love we meet even in the animals. It lives among the savages: it moves in the criminal and the outcast. It rises, through a million varied forms, to its highest form, the sacrifice of a man for the whole world; always great, even in its lowest shape; always holding within itself an infinite capacity for development; always so lovely that it moves the tears and kindles the passion for its imitation in all mankind. Indeed, what is not contained in it which is not most beautiful, —all sweet stories of motherhood and of the love of men and women; all tenderness of friendship, all longing of fatherhood for the life of children; all devotion of children to their parents; all courage and fortitude for one another in misfortunes; all sorrows nobly borne, all joys shared each with each, all patriotism, all the great deaths which have glorified mankind, all seeking and saving of the lost!

This, and things like to it, like in their simplicity of love, like in their commonness, are the never-dying subjects; and in these abide and arise all the great poems, all the great stories, all the great pictures, all the sweet music, and all the great preaching which have inspired, exalted, and consoled the world. We think them too simple, too common for our work; and it is the worst mistake we make. Our deepest prayer should be to see them, and to feel them, and to make others see and feel them. In them we touch God and man; and, in bringing God and man together in them, we make religion. When we come closer, with the same thought, to the spiritual in us, the conclusion is the same. It is not so much the extraordinary states of the soul which are the most interesting as the most usual. It is not the spirit battling with strange and special trouble which awakens the longest desire to help, the deepest desire to reach the secret of life. It is the soul struggling with the common trials which come to all, following the well-known paths, in touch with the ordinary fates of daily life. Take, for example, but two forms of this.

The young man going into the world; the girl striving within to find room in which to act, to shape herself; God speaking to them both; how they will answer him, what form they will give themselves for the good and help of mankind; what they will be when a few years have gone by; the aspirations they possess, their freshness, their quick hopes and transient despairs; the strife, so silent and self-contained within them; their soul crying out for food, their voiceless prayers, their joyous praise, their wonderful ideals,—nothing is more common; yet nothing in the world is more full of undying interest to mankind.

That, however, has the charm of youth; but we call life commonplace in middle age, when its outward forms are fixed. The bloom has gone, the hot afternoon sun takes the shadows away which make various the landscape of life. There is nothing here to interest the preacher or the hearers! Nothing? What of the soul? What, if we look by love into the inward life. It is there, in middle age, that things are often the most wonderful. It is in this common earth to earth life, as it is thought to be, that the terrible trials come; that the battle between good and evil is the hottest; that the sorrows and the loves of life are most

profound; that the secrets are deepest, and the loneliness of the soul most uncomforted; that the deadliest ruin is wrought, and the greatest salvations won. You see men and women, grave, sober, dignified, moving, each in their business and their place, in fitness, through society. "Is this the end," we say, "of youth, this still commonplace? What is there to preach of here?" Oh, lift the veil, let the great poet pass by, let the lover of mankind open his lips, let us see with the eyes of God; and, lo! there is Hamlet and Othello, Lady Macbeth or Margaret, Zaccheus, Nathaniel, the Magdalen and Mary,—a mighty world in each of sin or sacrifice, of unfathomed sorrow, thought and joy, of rending passion or quiet endurance. There is nothing commonplace.

Open your heart to love humanity, and you will have a thousand sermons in your experience with which to move the world. Return to nature: there is the secret of all the arts, and especially of the art of preaching.

Lastly, this is the way of all the great regenerations of religion, of the masters of preaching and teaching. When Jesus was in Palestine, and spoke the Word which now moves the world even more than it moved it then, how did he preach? what was his subject? how did he illustrate it? His subject was the human heart of man and the human heart of God, and he did not go beyond it. And the way in which he spoke of it was a way of simplicity. The wayfaring man could not err from his meaning, for all he said lay within the daily experience of men. And the illustrations he used were drawn from the common things of earth and air which lay before the eyes of all men.

What is God? How shall I know him? God is a father, Jesus replied, and loves us as we love our children. Think of all that your heart feels as a father, and then you will *know* God. Think of all you felt as a child when you loved your father most, and then you will know all you ought to feel for God and all you ought to do. "I have sinned, I have been plunged in sorrow, I doubt my immortal life. Will God forgive, will he console, will he make me alive again?" Look into your own heart of love for the answers. The kingdom of God is within you. What would you do as father or mother? So will God do, only more abundantly; and we hear, like music across the ages, the parable of the shepherd and the prodigal son. So, by direct appeal to the universal feelings of the heart, Jesus explained the whole relation of God to man and man to God.

How shall I enter the kingdom? This is the subject of a thousand dissertations. Did Jesus discuss? He took a child, and set him in the midst. Think of the child,—how it feels and loves and trusts. There is the temper of the kingdom,—always, always the appeal to the natural! Of what kind is the kingdom, how does it grow, what sort is my union with God, how far must I sacrifice myself? Look at nature! at the growing seed, at the fate of the harvest, at the leaven in the meal, at the union of the vine with the branches, at the sacrifice of the shepherd for the sheep, of friend for friend. The whole of nature and humanity is a parable of which God and man are the interpretation.

Is morality enough? Can I say, "If I do this, I shall live"? Oh, no! You will only live when you love the perfect Love, and are never satisfied in pursuing it. When you love on earth, can you ever do enough for those you love? What says, That is the human heart? It was to that Jesus appealed, even when he held before us the unreachable ideals, and bid us strive toward them forever.

And to this kind of teaching, to this simple, universal, quiet, ideal appeal to the love in the heart of man, the soul of man answered as the waters of the great ocean answer to the sun and moon. Spring, after a long winter, came upon the spirit of humanity. A new-created world broke into life. Imagination was reborn in religion. Womanhood was re-created for mankind. Fresh waters burst forth from the earth, and fertilized the works of man. The arts found in his return to nature and to the ideal the food they needed. Painting, sculpture, poetry, recovered in recovering nature. And, foremost in the new life, and doing in the mightiest way the glorious work of bringing inspiration, healing, joy, and peace to every type and class of man, arose into nobility and power (out of this return to the universal heart of man and God) the art of preaching.

FROM OUR PULPITS.

HOW TO USE IMMORTALITY.

From a Sermon by Rev. E. C. Butler, Quincy, Mass.

In the mean time let us remember that there is nothing one-half so good as the plain, simple truth. Shall we go backward or forward? Shall we find in the past or the future the things for which we long? Shall we live in yesterday or the endless succession of to-morrows? Does the Easter season tell the story of humanity's past or of its future? Does the widening life of the human soul find its promise in the have-beens of the past or the yet-to-be of the days that beckon us on? O my brothers, these are great days! But there are greater ones beyond,—days that will fulfil the dreams of aspiring souls, days that will bring men together and God and men nearer to each other. But we must go on; for there is where the Saviour is,—in the new day filled with his spirit, which is not a dream of the vanished past, but a reality of the living present. We are not to dream of past glories, but of future accomplishment. "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh backward, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." So let the years come as they will, we are not afraid. That which is of the earth returns to the earth, and is soon forgotten; but that which is heavenly is lifted to the stars by the Father's hand, and is given a place in the mansions of the blest.

BEAUTY OF CHARACTER.

From a Sermon by Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, New Bedford, Mass.

How poor and weak seem even our best phrases upon this subject! How little we can suggest of the actual beauty that moral life is capable of possessing! Think of the noblest lives you have ever known or ever read of; count over all their virtues, all their graces, all their high and excellent qualities: they are all faint adumbrations of the central glory of its beauty.

And, as there is no higher, no more entrancing form of beauty than moral beauty, so there can be no higher calling for any one than to carve well the statue of his character, making it fair and beautiful of proportion. For this great end our powers were given us,—our powers of steady endurance, of high ambition, of worthy appreciation. They are not ours simply to the end that we may carve out for ourselves huge fortunes, that shall melt away at the touch of death; nor to achieve proud reputations, though these are well. They are ours, that we may shape ourselves in beauty.

When we employ these powers on lower things, we are like artists who waste their talents in idle and useless work. There is a suggestive incident told of Michelangelo. It is said that in January of 1494 a most unusual storm swept over Florence, leaving snow upon the ground from four to five feet deep,—a very exceptional occurrence in that warm climate. The weak and worldly Piero de' Medici was at that time ruler of the city, and his word was law. Seeing the snow, he sent for Michelangelo, took him away from his workshop, where he was carving figures in enduring marble at which future generations should gaze in wonderment, and bade him form a snow statue in the court-yard of the palace. When it was done, he was so delighted that he brought the artist to sit at his own table.

Think of it! the greatest creative genius in the world wasting its powers on material that another morning's sun would melt away. Yet so it often is in life. In obedience to our own selfish commands and foolish pride and our worldly ambition, we put our hands to works and devote our energies to materials that are as fleeting as the mist, as unstable as the snow, and that vanish with the hour that gave them birth. But to shape our characters in beauty is an enduring work, that calls for reverent devotion.

We bow humbly before those who can put upon the canvas the visions of beauty that float before their imaginations. We honor and remember those who could take the still, cold marble and chisel it into features full of holy feeling. But let the canvas be a

human life, the vision of beauty a dream of purity, of integrity, of holiness, and how much grander is the result! Before the artist of the soul we bow with deepest reverence. In the presence of moral beauty we feel the holiest awe.

PARABLE OF THE PEARL.

From a Sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer, New York.

We think of men like the creator of "The Angelus" and "The Sower," men of whom the world was not worthy, doing their noblest work pained by the flint, pouring their life into the treasure, while many a time and often it was their fortune to die that the pearl might be perfected in splendor and the noblest worth; while, with some, we also remember what we call the "fortune" came to those who open the shell and clutch the pearl. They were created through travail and pain, I say, and by the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, folded over the flint of circumstance, and in a devotion as deep and pure as that which filled the heart of him who would only do his most sacred work kneeling, as in prayer. Or another fine soul who, as he lay on his death-bed, said to his friend, "Lift me up": the picture was his pearl, he would touch it with one more gleam of radiance; and, when this was done, he fell on sleep, to awake in the city of God, whose gates, to the seer's vision, were of pearl, and every several gate was one pearl.

Or to the treasure which has come to us in great and noble books and lives,—it is once more to be aware of the mystery, the supremacy, of the kingdom of heaven.

Milton, old, blind, poor, and outcast, flashing forth in the dark-encrusting shell the peerless splendors of the "Paradise Lost," for a fortune, in sterling of the realm, the meanest laboring man in England would have despised for day's wages, when you count the days. And Bunyan, in his den, trying to earn a crust of bread for the weans and wife, while the small blind wean sits near him,—Bunyan, in the dark-encrusting shell, pouring over the flint of evil circumstance the ichor which has won the world's worship in his matchless pearl of the Pilgrim's Progress to the City of God.

These—and Robert Burns, tormented by the pang of the flint, fighting the parasite or mourning the frustrated hope, for here all the plagues seem to meet in the shell of one human life; Robert Burns, pouring out the ichor of his heart, great as the world in its sympathy and sweet in its tenderness as his heart was who spake the parable; the grandest man of his time in grand old Scotland, making his motherland glorious in songs that stir you like the sound of trumpets on the eve of great battles, draw you to a mouse in a tender human pity, and to his human family with the cords of the man, to so sweet and true a purpose that, of all our great singers and strong and true, he is to me the sweetest and strongest, the man above all other men of our age and race who was sent from God to hasten the time

> "When men to men the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, for a' that."

And my dear Charles Lamb, your Charles Lamb, turning away, in the pang we may not try to speak of in common words, from his youth's fair dream of a maiden peerless he would some day call "my wife," burying his dream in a level grave that he might make a home for that hapless sister Mary, who had no other friend in all the world who would seek and save that which was lost for love's sake of the sister; and then, through more than forty years, making a home for her in single doubleness, as he tells his friend in a letter,—this man giving us the pearl beyond all price, the jewel shining with a light that never lay on land or sea, made precious by the angel's tear that fell through the bolt of doom on the troubled home of his early manhood, and the rich and rare beauty born of the flint.

WAS JESUS GOD?

From a Sermon by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Words are inadequate to paint the evil results that have come to religion and the world from the deification of Jesus. It was this that brought into the Christian Church the reign of creeds and dogmas which for so many centuries has blighted Christianity, and which, alas! is far from over yet. So

long as Jesus remained a man, the aim of his followers was to love him and follow him in deeds of helpfulness and mercy. When he became a God, all minds turned to the task of framing right theories about him; and woe to any who dared to think differently from the opinion of the majority! Thus Christianity became changed from love to belief, from conduct to speculation, from a life to a theology, with the inevitable consequences of divisions, strifes, heresies, endless multiplication of sects, hatreds, religious wars, persecutions, untold bloodshed.

When will these evils pass away? Never until their cause is removed. Jesus the God has always been, not only a usurper of his Father's throne, but a sower of seed of endless speculation, contention, and strife among men. But Jesus the man—the man whose teaching and life were love and helpfulness—has always been an influence in the world for love and peace. And so in the nature of the case it must always be.

It is plain, then, that the salvation of Christianity lies in going back from the deified Christ of the creeds and the theologies to the loving, living human Jesus of the Gospels.

It is hopeful that already in many quarters the cry is being raised, Back to Jesus! the *real* Jesus of the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, the two great commandments, and the incomparable parables! And well may this cry be heard, because this means back from fiction to truth, back from mythology to reality, back from creed to deed, back from speculation to love, back from division and strife to unity and peace.

And such a going back as this means *going forward*,—forward to such an *advance as Christianity has never known.*

AUDACITY.

We would not dare, they said to me,
To question so to holy writ,
To wander from the beaten track
That hoary creed and church have trod.
We would not dare to say that God
Is One and not mysterious Three, nor that
He pardons man without requiring first
Of innocence a bleeding sacrifice.
We call him Father, say his name is love, and yet
We would not dare to say that love
Extendeth mercy to another world than this,
Nor that the unrepentant dead can have
Throughout the endless ages any hope
To reach the bliss ineffable of heaven.
We'd be afraid lest on our impious heads
His fiery wrath should fall,
And we ourselves be placed without the pale.

Yes, I answer made, I dare go out
And, standing 'neath the flaming midnight sky,
With outstretched arms and lifted head,
Look upward into endless, pulsing space,
Gleaming with the light of myriad worlds
All instinct with the Omnipresent Life,
And say: "O thou Eternal One,
Who art and wast and art forevermore to come,
Who fill'st all space, who shar'st with none thy glory,
In whom I live and move and have my being,
To thee alone I homage pay; of thee
Nothing is too good for me to think;
Thy love transcendeth all my thought;
I could not call thee Father, did I not think, yea, know,
That from the glorious destiny thou hast prepared for man
Not one of thine own children shall be shut out,
But to thyself thou'lt some time bring them all."

Audacity? Nay, call it faith sublime;
Faith in the Eternal Goodness, Love, and Truth
That guides the universe; faith in the saving power
Of him we call, in reverent tones, *Our Father.*

WILLIAM D. LITTLE.

THE BEST MEANS OF RECRUITING OUR MINISTRY.

ABSTRACT OF A PAPER BY THE REV. J. E. MANNING, READ AT THE ENGLISH NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

"Does our ministry stand in urgent need of recruiting?" One has always got an uneasy feeling that there are more men waiting for pulpits than there are pulpits for them to occupy. With this feeling uppermost, I examined the Essex Hall Year Book for 1897; and I found, if this book is a true criterion, that there are not so many ministers waiting for pulpits as I imagined.

During the last ten years one hundred and twelve ministers have settled among us,

the average supply being thus eleven per annum. There were at the end of 1896 eleven pulpits vacant. But there were, according to the Year Book, seventeen persons without pulpits, and ready to take charge. I don't know how this compares with former years, and, of course, numbers taken in this way are not a very safe guide; but I presume the supply is somewhat in excess of the demand.

Of these one hundred and twelve ministers, twenty-six were educated at Manchester College, twenty-five at the Home Missionary College, five at the Home Missionary College and Manchester College, nine at Carmarthen, three at Carmarthen and Manchester College. Twenty-five came to us from other denominations, being converts to Unitarianism. Nineteen have become ministers from special circumstances, without passing through a theological college, some from our own denomination, some from other denominations. In addition to these there are eight lay preachers on the list, being only a small portion of the many lay preachers who do excellent work for our cause.

But, though the supply appears to be somewhat in excess of the demand, the question still remains, "How are we to get the best men for the ministry?" A church that has a message is always in need of good preachers,—men who can speak with power the word God has put into their hearts; and our Unitarian Church needs now as much as ever—nay, more than ever—men who can preach our gospel with living enthusiasm, and put it convincingly before the world. Though there is a constant supply of recruits for our pulpits, both from our colleges and from the outside, there is also a constant leakage going on. Some of our students, who pass through the whole or part of the college curriculum, never take a pulpit; some drop out after a few years' ministry, and are never heard of again; some go to the Established Church (but none, so far as I know, to the ministry of the orthodox dissenting churches or to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church); some leave the ministry altogether for other pursuits, having found, in time, that the ministry is not their vocation.

In like manner, of those who come to us from other denominations, a certain proportion find in time their home among us uncongenial. Some find us too cold, others too hot. Some find that we are too restricted, and some that we are too free. They came to us with a preconceived ideal, and find they made a mistake. Some certainly do not find the Unitarian Church a Garden of Eden, or its pulpit a bed of roses; and others are surprised to discover that they have not the liberty, or the license, they expected to enjoy in it. They go; and occasionally they leave disaster behind them. Our congregations are much to blame in such cases. They elect a minister with the foresight and the wisdom of sheep, and then they blame the man they elect rather than themselves for electing him. They knew, practically, nothing about him. They were captivated by his preaching or by his cheapness. The result is catastrophe, and perhaps the next thing we hear is that the place is closed.

As a set-off to this, of those who have come to us from other denominations, some are among our most successful and energetic ministers.

My paper will deal briefly with two special subjects: (1) the kind of men we want for our ministry, and (2) the best means of getting them.

1. It is not easy to define the kind of men we want. A minister, to be all that is expected of him, ought to possess all the virtues and all the accomplishments that adorn humanity. But, short of heroic perfection, we want men of good character and of good intellectual ability. We want, also, men who are devoted to the work of the ministry; and we want good preachers.

It is not always possible to predict whether a youth will prove a good preacher. It is astonishing what a few years' training may do for him in this respect. I have known men with apparently very modest abilities in a short time disclose excellent powers as preachers, showing unexpected gifts of extemporaneous speech and extemporaneous prayer; while some who appeared to have special gifts at first never seem to rise above their early promise. It is for our colleges to refine and polish the raw material, and they ought to pay special attention to training for the work of the pulpit. Some of our students are turned out into the world so learned and so dry, and with so little

understanding of the preacher's function, that our congregations cannot endure them. After listening to or slumbering through an hour's discourse on some abstruse question of philosophy, which touches them rather more remotely, perhaps, than the North Pole, they are glad to turn to some one else less learned, it may be, but who can preach to them the simple truths of the gospel of life. I maintain that our colleges, whatever else they do, ought to fit their alumni to be preachers. Our congregations want preachers, and the art of preaching can be taught.

Apart from this essential qualification, which cannot always be justly estimated in the youth, what other qualifications ought we to look for in him, if he is to be a worthy and efficient minister?

The youth who will make a good minister is reverent, modest, unselfish, willing to help. He feels that life was not given to him entirely for his own pleasure, but considers himself bound to devote some of his powers and energies for the benefit of others and for helping mankind. He will give some of his spare time to work in the Sunday-school, in the mission, in classes for the poor. He is naturally drawn to philanthropic work, and feels himself instinctively impelled to take an interest in whatever has for its aim the ameliorating of human life in its moral, religious, spiritual, and social aspects. He is earnest, hopeful, tender to the weak and the aged. He is not unwilling to sacrifice self for the necessities of others. The grace of God is with him. All this is not incompatible with abundant animal spirits, a lively sense of humor, and thorough enjoyment of all innocent pleasures. We want men active, bright, intelligent, physically healthy, and vigorous. There is hard work in store for any man who is to be at the head of a congregation that is thoroughly alive. We want men who can work and endure hardness. For there is no minister worth his salt who will not have to fight the good fight of faith.

One excellent means of recruiting our ministry is for ministers, superintendents of Sunday-schools, and organizers of our church life generally, to be on the lookout for young men who exhibit qualities indicating a natural fitness, and, if necessary, to encourage them to take up the ministry as their work in life. This would insure that the candidates for our ministry are known and, to some extent, tried even before they enter college, and would be a guarantee of stability of character and seriousness of intention.

Every minister is consulted by young men who think they have a "call" to the ministry. Some think they have great gifts, and want to shine; but they have no genuine love of the work, and weary of the drudgery in process of time. Some have the power of slow, plodding work, but have not the qualifications, mental or other, that make a useful minister. Some have many admirable gifts, but lack patience; or they have no tact, no common sense. It is only by actual experience of a youth's capacities, by seeing what he can do, and by knowing him in daily life, that any one, even with deepest insight into character, can judge whether he has qualifications which justify him in becoming a candidate for the ministry.

2. This leads me to my second point,—how to get the best men?

I think the desire to enter the ministry usually comes spontaneously; and there is no holier moment in a young man's life than when, with many misgivings of his own fitness, but urged by an impulse he cannot resist, he vows that he will devote himself to the service of God and of his fellow-men. And, unless some such impulse comes to him, he should hesitate long before he is induced to take to the ministry as a profession. Nevertheless, the aid of friends may sometimes be beneficial, and give an impetus to modest hesitancy and doubt. I have consulted a number of ministers of various churches,—Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, Independent, Baptist, and others,—and I find it universally agreed that the initial desire to enter the ministry should come from the youth himself, but that, where special qualifications present themselves, suggestion and direct appeal may be advantageously employed. A youth is sometimes reluctant to express openly his desire, who, with a little sympathetic encouragement, would be found eager to take to the ministry as his proper calling. Why should not parents put it seriously to their sons (of course I mean in cases where they have seen indications of natural fitness) whether it would not be well for them to think of the minis-

try as a career in life? I know that parents have sometimes done so, and have met with no encouragement; but I know also of men who, in after life, have expressed regret that, when they were young, and hesitated through consciousness of deficiency, they had no encouragement to put into effect a secret desire. And others I have known who felt the whole atmosphere of their surroundings totally opposed to any wish of the kind on their part, who would, moreover, have had to encounter strenuous opposition, had they shown any leaning toward the ministry. Worldliness is, unfortunately, as common among Unitarians as among the rest of Christendom. Our young men are encouraged to go into business or to the law or to the medical profession, but few are urged to the ministry. There is no doubt they can make larger incomes in any of these spheres than they can in the ministry. And it is quite true that our Unitarian Church has no prizes to offer in the way of rich livings or of distinguished position. But, surely, for the highest purposes for which a man can live, the ministry affords a sphere of work second to none; for no sphere gives greater opportunity for usefulness and for the devotion of self to the noblest ends. I know of no sphere of life in which the best capacities of a man, intellectual or other, can have a wider field. And, as to opportunities for well-doing, they are simply illimitable, or limited only by lack of means to use them. If a minister has business capacity, he will find he can use it to the best purposes in organizing the work of his own congregation or in the wider range of his public duties. All his energy, all his zeal, all his industry, will find ample scope for their display. His work is sometimes disappointing. He feels at times as if all his devotion to the best things is thrown away. But, in spite of everything, the ministry has satisfactions which no other sphere of life affords. It is the privilege of the faithful minister of Christ to guide, to cheer, to encourage, uplift, and strengthen, to bring light to souls that sit in darkness and new hope to those who have yielded to despair. It is the simple truth, though at times the crushing sense of impotence makes the preacher feel that he is in vain beating the air, that the words of Isaiah are literally fulfilled in him, "to preach good tidings; to comfort all that mourn; to give unto them beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

And let me not leave quite unnoticed other advantages which the ministry affords. There are few spheres of life which present more opportunities for a man to follow up any special work he may wish to devote himself to,—literature in all its phases, science, or whatever his special taste may be. The minister who knows how to economize his time can find—even the busiest may find it—opportunity to gratify his desire, if not to the full, at least to an extent which is impossible in other professions. Would it not be well if the fathers and mothers of the leading families in our congregations, instead of urging their sons to ambitious views of wealth and position, would quietly lay before them the prospect of the ministry as a career, and when they see indications of the right qualifications, and note the disposition forming, to urge them to join the ranks adorned and glorified by the names of Priestley, Channing, Theophilus Lindsay, Theodore Parker, Yates, Madge, Tayler, Beard, Gaskell, Thom, Sadler (names written in God's Book of Life), not to mention other names, both of the revered dead and of those still living among us? Is not the career one which will afford scope for the best capacities of the best we have? Is it not one to which an earnest youth may feel that he is worthily devoting all his powers in that he is using them in the most sacred service possible to a human being,—the service of God and man? Our young men have constantly before their eyes the advantages of the secular life, a successful business career, the profits of a lucrative profession. From their earliest years the desirability of such a life is impressed upon them. How seldom are warnings given against selfish ideals! how hesitatingly is the truth enforced that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"! Ignatius Loyola won his most devoted disciple, Francis Xavier, who was ambitious and at first desirous only of worldly fame, by reiterating with solemn persistency, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?" I do not believe that our young people are more deaf than others

to the voice of unselfish devotion, nor do I believe that they are devoid of generous impulses. And I feel convinced that, if fathers and mothers would put seriously before their boys the intrinsic excellence of the ministerial career as a life of usefulness and helpfulness, wherein all that is best in a man's nature will find ample scope for development, the appeal would not be made in vain. A minister's life is necessarily full of self-denials; but it has also much quiet happiness, and is an unlimited sphere for well-doing.

To sum up what seem to me to be the best practical means of securing suitable men for our ministry: —

(*a*) Parents may do much if they will seriously entertain the idea of the ministry as a career for their sons, when they see in them signs of fitness for the work. It is a noble profession, and one that will call forth all the best qualities a youth possesses. It is a pity that more of the well-trained youths in our wealthier families do not enter the ministry. There is a great field of usefulness for them, if, remembering that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth, they are willing to devote themselves unselfishly to the unambitious duties of a minister's life. I need hardly point out what advantages a youth who is already fairly well provided for, so far as this world's goods go, has in comparison with one who, with all his desire to be of use in the world, is constantly under the strain of narrow means and a precarious salary.

(*b*) Ministers may also do much by classes, by sermons, by personal intercourse with their young people, to find out those who are fittest, and, when they are found, to direct and encourage them in preparation for their future work. I would emphasize more especially the desirability of impressing upon our young men the purpose for which the Unitarian Church stands, and the circumstances which have brought it to its unique position.

(*c*) The superintendents and workers in our Sunday-schools can do much, by observing those who come under their care, to find out young men who by religious earnestness are naturally fitted for the work, and who by a proper course of training may become well equipped for the ministerial career.

By these means there never need be any lack of recruits for our ministry, recruits who are well known, whose qualities are certified, whose serious intention is unmistakable.

And now, in conclusion, let me repeat what I said before, that it is vital to our well-being as a church — vital to the cause for which our church stands — that we should have a constant supply of well-trained men, who, being devoted to the work, and feeling its sacredness and greatness, shall proclaim to the world unhesitatingly and clearly the simple gospel of Christ freed from the doctrinal accretions which time has gathered round it. The Christianity of the self-styled orthodox churches of the present day is like the sea-god Glaucus in Plato's allegory of the soul, who, crushed and marred by the action of the waves, can scarcely be distinguished as the azure-god for the stones and shells and tangled seaweed which cling to him. So, says Plato, the soul, as we know it here, is crushed and marred by its association with the body and every species of evil.

The allegory may be applied to the prevailing doctrines of the churches. Around the simple Christianity of Jesus disfiguring accretions have grown; and it is for us to restore once more, and to proclaim to the world, the gospel as it was proclaimed in all its beauty and simplicity, in all its majesty and strength, to the listening multitudes on the hills of Galilee or by the lake side. We want youths fired with enthusiasm to preach this holy faith again, and to go forth, like Jeremiah, to preach to men, though the word of the Lord was "a reproach unto him, and a derision daily," and though, when thwarted and in despair, he said he would make no further mention of God's name, yet felt his word "in his heart, as a burning fire shut up in his bones," and he was weary with forbearing, and could not refrain.

We know that we are made in the image of God because we cannot in our best moments accept any standard but this, of perfection to be sought after through eternity. The grandeur of our being is that there will always be something beyond for us to seek. *Lucy Larcom.*

HIS TENDER MERCIES.

"The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works."—Ps. cxlv. 9.

Thy grace of life is kind in all.
  May I that grace be showing!
And into life diviner yet
  May I be always growing,

Until I show thee perfectly
  In all that I am being,
Thy holiest beauties brother eyes
  In all my life be seeing.

So shall I be a note of thine
  So glad and holy singing,—
A bird that in thy love is born,
  And through thy love is winging.

In every little beating heart thy grace of life is kind. The gnat of the summer air and the eagle of the crags feel joy in the life that fulfils their being. In the grass and in the star are motions that, could we hear, would sing a song of delight. In me there is gladness as my ruddy streams of life kiss their crystal banks by the grace of thy goodness. The life thou givest is full of joy; and, the fuller it is of loving thoughts of thee, the deeper, the holier its joys.

There are, indeed, the things of cruelty in thy world,—the shames of sin, the pangs of sickness, the woes of hereditary taint. Discord so often holds the tune of life that it is hard to believe that thou art good, and that thy tender mercies are over all thy works. The heart is alienated from thee, and cannot realize thee loving and good, no more than muddy streams can mirror the stars. The heart is evil, and cannot realize thy goodness which is as constant as thy sun. The heart is unkind, and cannot realize that thou art full of compassion, and givest thy tender mercies as the skies give rain, as the blossoms give fragrance. The heart that is full of cruelty must think all thy graciousness cruel, even as the eye that is sore feels the dear sun as a torment. Yet, even with thy beautiful gift of life perverted, how gracious it is! With all the evils that haunt thy earth, how wonderfully good and glad is this world turning in its beauty of the seasons, and ministering so bountifully unto all life! In spite of my own evils I know that there is good in me, that that good is the true being, and by it I am sure that thou art good, and that goodness is the truth of thy universe. And so, in spite of what appears of shadow, in spite of what I suffer of evil, I take up the refrain that thou art good to all, and that thy tender mercies are over all thy works. And, surely, my song sings true to the heart of thy purpose still at its tasks of creation!

Thou brimmest to the full what cups of joy thy creatures drink. Thou givest them the beating heart, the wing, the song, the tones of dear content that vocalize the day into some hymn of peace. Thy sun is warm for all. Thy winds for all do blow. Thou givest each its food; and, surely, thou somehow makest death not to be all unkind. Some grace amid its shadows must appear, as rays of stars give beauty to the night. Thou givest love to all, the love they have for those that give them answering love. We feel that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

It has been good for us to be together at the feast of life, although at last it is farewell and journey in the dark. The lights are tender while we stay within their beams.

And so I sing on, what is not always a song of sight, but what in so many of life's dark experiences can be but a hymn of faith. I sing on the dear refrain which hath comfort in it like a mother's voice. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Thou delightest to live in thy universe. I am partaker of that glad life. Thou art eternal, and of thy eternity I am some part.

From my evil I would take refuge in thy goodness until I shall know in every pulse of my perfecting being that thou art good. From all this selfishness which makes me so unkind, may I flee into the fulness of thy tender mercies, and so wilt thou be fulfilling thyself in me a kindness to all these whom I touch with any hand of influence! In me be good to all! In me let thy tender mercies be over thy works! May not a single heart beat in sorrow because that I am unkind,—no heart of beast or bird or man! Shape me forth into a word of blessing. Fashion my life into a loving kindness, until I shall realize to many the gracious truth that grows diviner and diviner in each experience we have in thy love,—the truth that the Lord indeed is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

PASTOR QUIET.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Our night thoughts are our great thoughts,
  When distractions of the day,
Little griefs and fleeting pleasures,
  From our sight have slipped away.
In that calm and shadowed hour
  Just before we go to sleep,
From the silence and the moonshine
  Float bright thoughts we fain would keep
Ever near us; but the daylight
  Frightens fancy with the glare
Of real facts, and dreams are banished
  While we breathe the morning air.
And that other world, the dream world,
We think vague and far away,
  When we rise to give a welcome
To the smiling princess, Day.
  Our night thoughts are our great thoughts.
From the shadowed hours of pain
  Thoughts arise in clear distinctness,
Life's grand meaning is made plain.
  In the night of storm and trouble,
Crusts of snow slip from the soul.
  In the quiet midnight hour,
Dreams of beauty brightest roll.
  Let us keep our night thoughts with us,
As we do the work of Day;
  Let the dreams from shadows floating
Be our guides through sunshine's way.
  Then perchance our very gladness
Will be brightened by the light
  Of the memory of those visions
Which came to us at night.

MAUD L. COTTON.

TEMPERANCE MATTERS IN ENGLAND.

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

More than six months of last year spent in England, with travel in nearly all parts, convinced me that the drink evil is somewhat more serious in England than with us, and that the temperance movement there has not made relatively quite so much progress as here. And yet, while this is true, it is also true that England is probably putting forth stronger efforts against the terrible evil of liquor than any other country except the United States.

The reasons why the temperance problem in England seems to be an even graver one than with us are several. First, I think a larger proportion of the people drink. I found myself constantly surprised to find how many persons everywhere, in the hotels, in the restaurants, at public dinners, in private homes of both rich and poor, habitually used liquor of some kind. I know that in our high-priced hotels in this country the wine lists are long, and find many patrons. But I am sure not so many as in England. At English railway eating-places it seemed to me that, as a rule, there was more liquor called for than food. It certainly is not so with us.

In England changes take place more slowly than here. We are younger as a people. Our ways are not so fixed. We do not send our roots back into so distant a past. Hence it is not strange if a larger part of the people over there cling to the habits and customs of a hundred years ago, when practically everybody of both countries drank.

An illustration of this is found in the great public schools, like Rugby, Harrow, and Eton, and in the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, where old drinking customs are clung to with great tenacity.

At one of the great schools for boys the practice still continues of giving the boys a supper of meat and beer. And no boy is allowed to substitute milk for his beer without a special order from the physician. At Oxford and Cambridge nearly all the colleges have their wine cellars, some of them large, expensive, and ostentatious; and drinking practices very widely prevail, which we in this country would think shocking.

One particularly discouraging aspect of the situation in England is found in the fact that so many women drink. At hotels and in private homes I could not see but that women drank essentially as freely as men. And, what startled me still more, I saw in London and the other great cities women thronging the saloons, gin-palaces, and public drinking-places in nearly as great numbers as men. Of course, as the result of this, the whole moral tone of society is let down. Children learn drinking habits from their mothers as well as from their fathers; and the influence of the home is not an offset, as with us, to that of the public drinking-place.

I think the temperance cause has relatively less support from religion in England than with us. Certain it is that drinking customs have more ecclesiastical countenance there than here. The nonconformist

churches are quite generally on the side of temperance, though by no means wholly so. There is also an important temperance element in the Established Church. But, take the establishment as a whole, its influence seems to be on the side of the liquor interests. A state church in the nature of the case stands for conservatism; and conservatism in England means no interference with the drinking customs that have come down from the past. It is widely felt that the establishment is an obstacle in the way of temperance reform, and a distinct bulwark of drink. In the last general election, which resulted in so decisive a Tory victory, it was notorious, and commented on all up and down the land, that, in order to carry the day at the polls, the Church made common cause not only with the liquor interests of the country, but with the gambling interests also. Religion, morals, public virtue, temperance, everything, had to be sacrified to the necessity of keeping power in the hands of the Church.

I repeatedly heard it said that the cathedral towns, where the church influence is the strongest, are relatively the most retrogressive, immoral, and drunken cities in England. In Canterbury, the seat of the English primate, the first ecclesiastical city in the realm, the liquor interest is particularly strong; and the temperance cause has had a particularly hard time in trying to overcome the combined opposition of the ecclesiastics and the publicans.

Certain it is, the great curse of England is her drink. One sees this everywhere.

One day, riding with a wealthy London manufacturer who had a thousand men in his employ, the conversation led to the subject of the condition of the British workingmen. He said: "Liquor is the great obstacle in the way of the prosperity of our workmen. Do away with the use of intoxicating drinks, and no workmen in the world would be better off than ours in England. There would be almost universal comfort. Of my own workmen who are abstainers, a large proportion are buying homes, and getting them paid for, and making good provision for the future. But those who drink spend for drink what they ought to save and lay by, and, as a result, get nothing ahead, live from hand to mouth, when a rainy day comes have nothing to fall back upon, and, when they grow old or lose their health, become paupers. And what is true of my workmen is true of the English workmen generally. Everywhere their greatest enemy is drink." My own observations convinced me that this gentleman was right.

I was never in a city where there seemed to be so much drinking. Certainly, I was never in one where the drinking was so bold, so open, so common to both men and women, so objectionable on account of the strong liquors used, and so productive of drunkenness as in London. And it is worse on Sunday, especially Sunday night, than at any other time. Instead of requiring the drinking-places to close all day Sunday, as is usual in this country, London and the large cities of Great Britain generally simply require them to close during the regular hours of church service, morning and evening. The rest of the day they are open, and doing a great business. Returning home from church on Sunday evenings, on foot or riding on the top of an omnibus, I usually passed scores, or, if I had far to go, hundreds and hundreds of brilliantly lighted and attractive drinking-places, filled to the doors with drinking men and women. The condition of things in our own American cities is bad enough, Heaven knows; but I think it is not quite so bad as in England.

In many places on the Continent there is fully as much drinking as in London. But there is this difference: Englishmen, as a rule, drink stronger liquors than the Germans, the French, or the Italians, and thus are somewhat more likely to be made drunk.

This, then, is the dark side of the temperance question in England.

I am glad to say there is another side. Even English conservatism can be made to give way. It is slowly yielding before the growing intelligence and the higher ideals of personal and social life that are being lifted up in our time. The temperance cause is making slow but sure progress among the English people. The England painted by Dickens, in which everybody drank, and nobody was ashamed of it or thought anything better, has passed away. The number of total abstainers steadily increases. Drunkenness is looked upon as a far greater disgrace than it used to be, so

that in circles where drinking is still fashionable there is much more care taken to confine it within the bounds of moderation. At banquets now, or dinners, public or private, where wines are served, one may turn over his glass and refuse all, and not be looked upon as odd or made to feel uncomfortable. This would not have been the case twenty-five or thirty years ago.

This liberty to be independent is a great step gained. In this respect England is much ahead of the Continent. On the Continent the custom of liquor-drinking is still very tyrannical; and there are many places where to refuse to drink would be thought very strange, if not unpardonably rude.

The English churches are more and more taking up the matter of temperance, as something which they have no right to be indifferent to.

I found quite a strong movement in some quarters — some theologically very orthodox quarters — to banish fermented wine from the communion table at the Lord's Supper, and to introduce in place of it unfermented wine; that is, the fresh juice of the grape or the juice of raisins. And I found some strong advocates of the substitution of water for wine, as being more in harmony with the spirit of the gospel than the use of anything that can intoxicate or create an appetite for intoxicants.

Temperance organizations of many kinds are growing in England. Temperance meetings and great temperance conventions are becoming more and more common. While I was there, a great National Temperance Congress was held in Chester, with the distinguished medical writer, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, in the chair, and addresses from many physicians, clergymen, educators, and public men of note and influence from various parts of the British Islands.

During my stay in England I visited the famous manufacturing town of Soltaire, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, where no liquor shops are allowed, and consequently where there are no paupers, no jails, no policemen, and no quarrels. There are other similar villages and towns. Naturally, they are proving "cities set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid." Their influence is extending far and wide; and in hundreds of other places men are asking, "Why should not we, too, banish liquor, and thus rid ourselves of the burden of crime, pauperism, and misery that is so heavy?"

Within the past twenty years or so there has been a wide-spread movement in England for the establishment of temperance hotels and temperance restaurants and coffee-houses where the working people can get refreshments of all kinds, well prepared and at low prices, and free from all temptations to drink. These temperance hotels or inns can now be found in nearly all towns of any size. And the coffee-houses and temperance restaurants are also multiplying: in London there are hundreds of them. It is easy to see that these establishments mean a great deal for temperance in England.

The same questions that are agitating us here—those of total abstinence, moderate drinking, temperance education of the young, license, high and low, local option, prohibition, municipal control, State control—are all before the people of England, seeking a solution there as in this country. The English people are more slow to move than we. But, when they do become aroused and really take hold of a matter, they are not likely to turn back or stop till they have accomplished what they set out for. I have faith to believe, therefore, that the temperance reform will not stop where it is in Great Britain.

The Liberal government two years ago introduced into Parliament a Local Option Bill, which was believed to be a very important step in advance. The result was a defeat. But it was much that a great political party should propose such a measure as a part of its national policy. It means that the people are waking up. Such defeats are simply forerunners of victories to come later.

The best minds of England are more and more arraying themselves against the tyranny and curse of drink, and committing themselves to the temperance movement.

Gladstone long ago declared in the House of Commons that drink is the cause of greater evils than the historic scourges of war, pestilence, and famine combined.

Chamberlain, second in influence to no political leader in England to-day, has told the English people that temperance reform is at the bottom of all political, social, and religious progress.

Archdeacon Farrar, the most distinguished living preacher of the English Church, has been for years advocating temperance with the zeal of a Wesley and the eloquence of a Whitefield.

John Ruskin, the greatest and most honored living writer in England, tells his countrymen that "drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, it *is* crime; and the encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink is one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravoes of any age or country."

When the leaders of thought in a land like England come to the point where they believe and say such things as these, it means that the people are going to follow, and that the cause of temperance is certain to advance.

COVENTRY PATMORE, THE POET OF LOVE.*

The *Saturday Review* of London urged Patmore for the laureateship; and the *Dial* of Chicago thinks that, after it became evident that neither William Morris nor Swinburne would be willing to occupy the post, "there was probably no other English poet among the living so deserving of the appointment." And yet, beside such poets as Morris and Swinburne and Watson and Edwin Arnold, to say nothing of Tennyson and the Brownings, Patmore's name, at the time of his death last November, was a comparatively unknown one to the present generation on this side of the sea.

There is not much to tell about his life. He was born in 1823, in Woodford, England, the son of a well-known editor. His full baptismal name was Coventry Kearsey Deighton Patmore. He published his first volume of poems at the age of twenty-one, and three years later became assistant librarian in the British Museum, where he remained for twenty years. After leaving the Museum, he settled at Hastings, where he purchased a large estate, built a Catholic church, and remained until his death. His best known work, "The Angel in the House," first appeared in 1854, was revised and enlarged repeatedly, and not until 1878 did it assume its final form. His next best known work, "The Unknown Eros," developed in somewhat the same way, the "Odes" out of which it grew being issued in private form in 1868, and "The Unknown Eros" appearing twenty years later.

The following descriptive touch of Patmore is given by the *Westminster Gazette*:—

Visitors to him sometimes felt as in the presence of a contemporary of Dante, Calderon, or of the Troubadours, not of a nineteenth-century gentleman. Of gigantic stature, attenuated, erect, that singular form clad in black velvet, and mediæval head, seldom passed unnoticed in a crowd. Partly, perhaps, on such account the good folk of Hastings keenly regretted his departure. From his beautiful Georgian house in the old town the poet, as we have said, migrated a year or two ago to one equally beautiful over against the Isle of Wight, an ideal residence for one of his turn of mind. There, surrounded by gracious home influences, the poet spent his last days in happiness and peace. He had, it is to be hoped, a Boswell at hand to jot down his brilliant table-talk. You had only to start him with a suggestive question, and his remarks ran on in unbroken stream. He was an inimitable story-teller, and as excellent a listener to the clever things of others. Curiously enough, it was in the modern novel that Coventry Patmore found literary recreation. "I could name a hundred novels, each perfect in its way," he said, "as perfect of its kind as *Paradise Lost*."

From many reviews of his work we select the following one, by the *Dial*, one by Edmund Gosse, and one by Mrs. Meynell. First the *Dial's*:—

The enjoyment of Patmore's work, although very deep when once attained to, is to a certain extent the result of an acquired taste. It takes some effort and some power of penetration to discern the whole subtlety of his thought and the whole beauty of his imagination. He is, too, very uneven; and the reader who, at the start, chances upon certain pages in which baldness and triviality seem to reign supreme, may well be repelled from further examination, and too hastily conclude that the poet has no message for his ear. Suppose, for example, that the following lines first arrest the reader's eye:—

"While thus I grieved, and kissed her glove,
My man brought in her note to say,
Papa had bid her send his love,
And would I dine with them next day?"

---

*From extracts given in the *Literary Digest* Feb. 27, 1897.

One might, indeed, have a good excuse for thinking the writer of such verse undeserving of any further attention. But let him persevere, and his reward will not be long delayed. He will soon come across such a passage as this:—

"And round her happy footsteps blow
The authentic airs of Paradise,"

and the whole question will be settled. No one but a true poet could possibly have written those verses or these:—

"The heartless and intolerable
Indignity of 'earth to earth,'"

or these called "The Spirit's Epochs":—

"Not in the crisis of events
Of compassed hopes or fears fulfilled,
Or acts of gravest consequence,
Are life's delight and depth revealed.
The day of days was not the day
That went before or was postponed;
The night Death took our lamp away
Was not the night on which we groaned.
I drew my bride, beneath the moon,
Across my threshold; happy hour!
But, ah, the walk that afternoon
We saw the water-flags in flower!"

The essential purposes of Coventry Patmore find expression in his own verse, in this prayer, for example:—

"Thou Primal Love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words,"

and in the aim thus set forth:—

"Elated oft by such free songs,
I think with utterance free to raise
That hymn for which the whole world longs,
A worthy hymn in woman's praise,—
A hymn bright-noted like a bird's,
Arousing these song-sleepy times
With rhapsodies of perfect words
Ruled by returning kiss of rimes."

That he has done both of these things is beyond dispute. "The Angel in the House" sings the praise of woman in just such "hymn bright-noted like a bird's," and almost every page of his work gives evidence of his gift for expressing "things too simple and too sweet for words."

"For even an hour
To hold possession of the height
Of nameless pathos and delight"

is a power granted to but few poets in as marked a degree as to Coventry Patmore, and there are few more exquisite pleasures than to stand in spirit upon this very height of which he holds possession. The air is so tenuous that breath is difficult for one unaccustomed to the medium; but there is a sense of calm and spiritual freedom unattainable upon any lower level, and amply rewarding the effort of the climber.

The review by Mr. Gosse we take from the *St. James's Gazette*:—

These, then, are the two main divisions of Coventry Patmore's work, "The Angel in the House," with its concomitant volumes, excessively popular for qualities which were merely accidental; "The Unknown Eros," with certain later cognate pieces, absolutely repudiated for years on account of qualities, also mainly accidental, which were those of excessive austerity and dignity. But what criticism has since discovered, and will be obliged to dwell upon more minutely, is that these two kinds of poetry, apparently so unlike, were really one; that "The Unknown Eros" was no less the pattern of earthly love than "The Angel in the House" of heavenly love; that each section was interpenetrated with the same extraordinary and elevated passion. The Patmore who walked with Honoria on the sands, and he who from gulfs of cloud, fuming with starlight, proclaimed "the fount perpetual of virginity," were one and the same, transfigured by the identical and unique vision of Love with blue and fiery wings, terrene and yet celestial. That is Patmore's gift to the world. He was a man of astonishing unirradiation. In an age which delights in having all its facets flashing at once, he lived in a single beam of intellectual emotion. He made the psychology of love the study of his life: he wrote slowly, very carefully, very seldom, and always in order that he might note down the phenomena of his solitary theme. The love of man for God, the love of woman for man,—this is the interwoven texture of all his writings. He treated it with audacities worthy of Saint John of the Cross, with subtle tenderness, with fire, with a prophet's turmoil, with a child's simplicity. But the theme was always the same; and Patmore will live in English verse forever as the poet *par excellence* of love, and of nothing but love, yet of love equally human and divine.

Mrs. Meynell, writing in the *Athenæum*, speaks of the fire of life as made sensible to us by warmth, not by flame, and proceeds as follows:—

That life, which is the further flower of art, is in almost all the poetry of the poet who has now left us. There are intervals in "The Angel in the House," but these are only such as the narrative form renders necessary, when that narrative is perilously ordinary and familiar. . . . And how does it

befall that any reader should pause upon the mere intervals of poetry so profound and penetrating as in a hundred passages shakes the trivial metre with a hand of control? Such a passage is the rehearsal of a wife's death which the self-chastising fancy of the happy lover makes in May:—

> "The innocent sweet face that owes
> None of its innocence to death;
> The lips that used to laugh; the knell
> That bade the world beware of mirth;
> The heartless and intolerable
> Indignity of 'earth to earth.'"

Other such passages are these records of beauty:—

> "Her eyes incredulously bright,
> And all her happy beauty blown
> Beneath the beams of my delight."

> "So much simplicity of mind
> In such a pomp of loveliness!"

> "Eyes that softly lodge the light."

And elsewhere are words that touch the heart so close as these:—

> "His only love, and she is wed!
> His fondness comes about his heart
> As milk comes when the babe is dead."

And again:—

> "Alone, alone with sky and sea
> And her, the third simplicity."

None the less, it is needless to say, the lovely art of "The Angel" is no more than a prelude to the art of the "Odes." From the beginning Coventry Patmore's poetry had been the poetry of living intention, which rebukes all poetry that is in any degree, and whether carelessly or stealthily, the poetry of habit. And in "The Unknown Eros" his intention, single, separate, strikes unique strokes against which the reader's human heart is all unarmed by custom. It is their mastery, and not violence, that so comes home, dividing soul and spirit. There is not a violence in the world that does not seem a dissipation and an essential weakness, when reproached by such a majestic energy able to hold its hand.

Sometimes I wonder which is best for me,—
The sunny harbor or the stormy sea.
How may the soul woo rest, yet grow more brave;
Woo calm, yet battle with each warning wave;
Win love, yet not forget the loveless kind;
Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind?

—*Ella Giles Ruddy.*

EDITORIAL.

Not a String of Doubts.

THE Unitarian position is assuming considerable importance in the eyes of many prominent orthodox leaders, the habit of ignoring as mere denial the real living gospel Unitarianism seeks to promulgate is giving way to defensive criticism. Dr. W. Kennedy Moore has published an exceedingly interesting pamphlet in regard to the teaching of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) as set forth in his "Mind of the Master," in which Dr. Moore convicts Dr. Watson of dangerous Unitarianism. It is a long while since we have seen so frank a statement of what our faith seems to be to an intelligent, well-informed orthodox believer. Dr. Moore feels at least the vitality and power of Unitarianism, though he thinks it evil. He declares:—

> Unitarianism has a theology of its own. It is not merely a string of doubts and denials, but a system of doctrines consistent throughout and opposed to evangelical doctrines at every distinctive point. To put it briefly: Revelation and redemption are both rejected, and in place of them are substituted the religion of natural reason and man's sufficiency for his own salvation. Jesus is the best among a multitude of teachers, but no more than that. He is divine in the sense in which every good thing is more or less divine, but his nature is simply human and does not partake in the essence of the Deity. His death was a martyrdom, but not an atonement, for which in truth there was no need. The miracles narrated by the evangelists, including the rising of Jesus from the tomb, were none of them actual historic facts, but only the products of fond imagination. The views propounded by Paul were simply a Jewish interpretation by which a remarkable life and death were invested with the alien raiment of a sacrificial theology. Sin is pardoned by God on the mere ground of repentance, and the good deeds performed by men constitute the sole passport to his eternal favor. The Holy Spirit is a name for the benignant divine influence

which visits all mankind, and regeneration is a moral change effected by a man's own free will.

Such is a concise statement of Unitarian views.

Here indeed is no string of denials, but a grand affirmative gospel, a religion of natural reason. The only important inaccuracies we should wish to correct are the statement that Unitarianism substitutes "man's sufficiency for his own salvation" in place of the old idea of Redemption, and that the nature of Jesus "does not partake in the essence of the Deity." Unitarians say with Paul, as shown in a splendid sermon of Mr. Chadwick's, "Our sufficiency is of *God*"; and, as to the nature of Jesus, while we claim it to have been purely human, that does not and cannot exclude the divine: the essence of the human *is* the divine.

Deadly Leaven. DR. MOORE, from whose recent pamphlet we have quoted above, not only gives us an admirable and outspoken statement of Unitarian doctrine, but he goes on to show what a rapidly extending influence that doctrine is exerting in English religious life. He says:—

> The decay of spiritual life in Protestant churches has usually been connected with the spread of Unitarian sentiments, either hidden or avowed; and *it is one of the ominous symptoms of our own day that so much of that deadly leaven* shows itself among the churches that still profess themselves evangelical. Its presence may be detected by symptoms such as these: Great stress is laid on everything in the Christian religion that may also be learned by the light of nature, while its peculiar and distinguishing characteristics are slurred over. The greatness and majesty of God may be eloquently dwelt on, but nothing is said about his redeeming love. The duties of life are largely enforced, though such heart-experience as we find recorded in the Psalms and Epistles is a thing utterly unknown. The authority of Scripture as God's great message to mankind is undervalued. Occasion is taken to point out alleged errors and mistakes; and it is hinted that much we find in the Bible is out of date and has long since been left behind in the growing enlightenment of the human race. Poets and essayists are constantly quoted as if worthy of as much attention and reverence as the sacred writers. On the other hand, the faults and weaknesses of any who have done eminent service to the cause of Christ are assailed with savage fury. Narrowness and bigotry, as they are termed, furnish a never-failing theme for sarcasm and sneers. The peculiar doctrines of the gospel, so far as they are unpalatable to men, are misrepresented and condemned, while anything in the Bible that can be made very pleasant is wrenched from its proper connection and set forth in all pretence to evangelical principles is abandoned. Such has been the history of many churches in England founded by Puritans *and now in the hands of Unitarians.*

Startling Hymns. IN the eastern counties of England where old democratic Congregationalism has long been very strong, it is now said that High Church ritualism is rapidly supplanting the independent organizations. This change is attributed largely to the use which the ritualists make of a certain hymn-book, entitled "Church Songs." These "songs" are said to be by S. Baring Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, and to most healthy Americans will seem to be little better than pious doggerel. For instance, one of the "songs" contains the following stanza:—

> "Mary now in joyous cheer,
> The maiden, mother, queen;
> John the Baptist, John the Seer,
> This triumph once foreseen;
> Peter, with the double keys;
> Magdalen upon her knees;
> Apostles twelve in golden sheen."

And in another "song" the people are made to sing these remarkable words:—

> "When David danced before the ark,
> It shocked Queen Michal greatly
> That he should not demean himself
> Before men's eyes sedately.
> To her the ark's return was naught;
> She thought his conduct madness.
> But David cared not what she thought,
> And danced to show his gladness."

An English paper remarks:—

> To the hymnologist these verses will seem pretty poor; and he will doubtless declaim against the church authorities which have allowed such compositions to be sung in public worship. But, as already remarked, the people seem to like these songs; for the churches which use them are crowded, while the dissenting chapels, which stick to "Coronation" and "Old Hundred," are half empty. Verily, in music, as in everything else, there is no accounting for tastes.

How to grow. REV. JAMES M. WHITON has a brief article in the *Outlook* for April 17 on the history of Methodism, in which he forcibly describes the essential character and aim of this wonderful movement. We quote the following:—

> The remarkable spread of Methodism, with the aim of reproducing that life in the spirit of holiness which was characteristic of the youth of Christianity, is due not only to its rediscovery of the source of power in the truths of the Spirit, but also to its wise and free opening of new and needful channels of spiritual power. Never before had the power of spiritual songs been so effectively applied as in Charles Wesley's hymnody, sixty-six hundred of whose lyrics are extant in print or manuscript. Never had the principle of co-operative association been so thoroughly applied as in Wesley's class meetings by twelves. A vast amount of energy hitherto unemployed was brought into permanent activity by his institution of lay preachers. The power of Christian fellowship was augmented by the institution of prayer-meetings, for which the date of 1762 has been assigned. The movement was further strengthened by the co-operation of women, who now for the first time became a slowly but steadily increasing element of power.

In the Church Porch. THE series of leaflets called "Questions on the Way of Life" are being largely used for church porch tables. Everywhere we hear that they attract the attention of the young people, and are eagerly carried home. They are so short and printed so clearly that they are tempting reading.

English Unitarian Conference. THE English National Conference held its sixth triennial meeting at Sheffield, April 6 and 7. The attendance was the largest on record. The general papers read were of a high order of thought and very full of religious fervor. We print in full the inspiring sermon by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke; for, while it relates chiefly to the special needs of the pulpit, yet exactly that which it emphasizes for the preachers concerns the congregations. Also, in regard to the abstract which we print from the paper given by Mr. Manning on "The Best Means of Recruiting our Ministry," the opportunities and advantages of the ministry, as well as the demands there set forth, should be known not only to the ministry, but to all. In the opening address of the Conference the president, Mr. J. R. Beard, made the following eloquent statement of the Unitarian position:—

> We stand here to-day representing some four hundred churches, colleges, and societies bearing various names, having different historical origins, and yet all alike in the liberty which brooks no creedal restrictions, no priestly bonds, but gives free access to the workings of the Holy Spirit in the soul of man. We call ourselves severally Unitarians, Liberal Christians, Free Christians, or Presbyterians; but we are all one in this, that we own the authority of neither priest nor creed, neither synod nor council, we inherit or build our churches under no doctrinal trust, and our doors are open to all who may desire to join us in religious communion and worship. And, while we exclude none, we find an all-sufficient bond of union among ourselves in the worship of God our Father and the realization of the Christian life.
>
> And this Conference meets in no antagonism to other churches, or to that vast majority of men and women who belong to no church at all. We look for no salvation by virtue of any

theological opinion, but for an ever nearer approach to God through humble worship, Christian self-sacrifice, and righteousness of life. But we dare not, therefore, assume to ourselves any superiority over those of our brethren who cling to the formulas, creeds, and ceremonies in which they and their fathers have found aids to faith. We follow that which is to us a better way, without contending that no other can lead to the desired goal. And, while we humbly but steadfastly maintain our own right to the Christian name, and look to Christ as the Revealer and Saviour, we above all things rejoice to know that neither the iron barriers of a stern Calvinism, nor the priestly interdictions of sacerdotalism, nor the intellectual assumptions of a purely ethical culture, nor even the many frailties of human nature can limit the power of his grace or hinder his spirit from its appointed work in leading his brethren to the loving bosom of his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

N.B. WE wish to reiterate that the *Unitarian* is *every minister's parish paper;* and, as every church contains some of our subscribers, so we consider every church entitled to a place in our news reports. We recommend the appointment, by each minister, of a special correspondent to act as church historian, sending us every month such items of news as are of interest and valuable for record. We keep an index of all these on the cover of each number.

A layman writes us that, since we have been publishing every month our departments headed "American Unitarian Association," "National Alliance of Unitarian Women," "Sunday-schools," "Guilds," etc., he has an altogether new and enlarged idea of Unitarian work and needs. We wish every one realized what a helpful, condensed outlook of denominational affairs is given every month by the able writers of these departments.

The best day's missionary work any minister could do would be to induce every family in his church to keep the *Unitarian* regularly upon the family sitting-room table, where it could be *in sight,* to be taken up *often* by all members of the family circle.

ONE UPWARD LOOK.

Sunday.

The Dawn.

Out of the dark the circling sphere
  Is rounding onward to the light.
We see not yet the full day here,
  But we do see the paling night.

O Thou whose mighty patience holds
  The day and night alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds.
  Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, true!

—*S. Longfellow.*

Monday.

Forward!

Gird up thy loins, O Israel!
  Fold not thy hands to rest;
For, lo! there yet remaineth
  Much land to be possessed.
Strongholds of Satan's kingdom
  Encompass thy domain,
And giant forms of evil
  Defy Immanuel's reign.

Thy word, O Lord, is mighty;
  Thy promise cannot fail:
Not all the powers of darkness
  Against it can prevail.
Why must thy promise tarry,
  Thy foes take heart again?
Why must thy Word be holden
  For lack of means and men?

Whose heart is stirred within him,
  The Word of Life to bear?
Who consecrates his substance,
  The saving work to share?
Hasten! for time is flying,
  Nor doth the spoiler rest;
Hasten! for men are dying
  Uncared for and unblest.

—*E. M. Morse.*

Tuesday.

The Right Way.

Be sure you are doing the right thing,
  The thing that you ought to do:
Then do your best, and forget the rest
  Of the things that trouble you.

Be sure you are speaking the right words,
  Words that are helpful and true:
Then others will hear your voice of cheer,
  And be comforted by you.

Be sure you are thinking the right thoughts,
  Then helpful words will spring
Forth in a song as joyous and strong
  As any the glad birds sing.

Be sure you are going the right way,
  Then Christ will be your guide:
Faithfully do what he tells you to,
  And keep close, close to his side.

Then your life will be beautified
  By the light of love divine;
And God's own peace will never cease
  Within your heart to shine.

—*Maud L. Cotton.*

Wednesday.

The Cross.

Still thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of thy cross.
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound.
Deep below, as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Thursday.

The weariness and sadness of life come from persistently closing our eyes to its greatness. . . . There is no life so poor as that which through too close a grasp of visible things has lost all conscious hold upon unseen realities. Lifted into the atmosphere of Infinite Greatness, the soul itself grows great. Unfolded within the perfect love, the life itself becomes love. When we are aware of an eternal life encircling us, of which we are a part, of a loving presence within us, to whom we belong, simply to be alive is almost an overpowering blessedness. *Lucy Larcom.*

Friday.

One Lesson.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity,—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose:—
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail when man is gone.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Saturday.

Heroes.

Not they who soar, but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God,
Are heroes: they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
  Not they who soar.

—*Paul N. Dunbar.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The April meeting of the directors of the Association brings the active work of the year to a conclusion. $5,300 was distributed among the parishes of New England as follows: to the Congregational Unitarian Society, Andover, N.H., $100; to the First Congregational Church, Athol, Mass., $150; to the First Ecclesiastical Society, Brooklyn, Conn., $100; to the First Unitarian Society of Christians, Dover, N.H., $200; to the First Unitarian Society, Exeter, N.H., $250; to the Independent Society, Presque Isle, Me., $150; to the First Congregational Church, Rowe, Mass., $100; to the First Parish, Tyngsboro, Mass., $100; to the First Unitarian Society, Millbury, Mass., $200; to Grace Chapel, Marshfield, Mass., $200; to Unity Church, Pittsfield, Mass., $500; to the First Unitarian Society, Wolfeboro, N.H., $200; to Central Church, Yarmouth, Me., $100; to Church of the Unity, Rochester, N.H., $250; to the First Unitarian Society, Farmington, Me., $350; to the First Unitarian Society, Whitman, Mass., $150; to the South Unitarian Congregational Society, Worcester, Mass., $500; to Church of the Unity, Beachmont, Mass., $150; to the Liberal Christian Union Society, Melrose Highlands, Mass., $250; to the Church of Our Father, Westerly, R.I., $300; to the Unitarian Society, New London, Conn., $300; to the First Unitarian Church, Rockville, Conn., $300; to Rev. George H. Rice, Laconia, N.H., for missionary work, $150; for missionary work on Cape Cod, $150.

About twenty-five years ago a very serious question arose concerning the fate of the old first parishes in country towns. The great changes made by the opening of new territories in the West and the aggregation of people in cities had caused a drain of the population from these older towns. In most cases the younger men and women moved away, leaving the churches weak, not only in present strength, but in hope for the future. For the Association the question

was, "Shall these older churches be allowed to perish, or shall they be assisted in the hope that they may renew their strength?" For several reasons it was decided that assistance should be given. This was demanded by many of our best contributors who loved the churches from which they came to the city. They insisted that their contributions should to some extent be used in this way. It was also requested by neighboring churches or the congregations to which they belonged. It was hoped also that prosperity would return to these old towns, and that after a period of depression the churches would gain their ancient strength. This hope has to a considerable extent been justified. There has been a steady reduction of the appropriations made for the older churches, with a prospect of making thirty or forty of them again independent and helpful to others.

The Western Conference will be held in Unity Church, Chicago, in the first week of May. The secretary of the Association will be present, and assist to the extent of his ability in promoting interest and fellowship. In the week following the directors of the Association will reckon up the receipts and expenditures of the past year. More than one-half of the annual income from the churches is received in the last two weeks of April. The indications at present are that income and expenditure will approach each other very closely. Then, with the obligations for the new year considerably reduced, the officers of the Association will undertake the tasks before them with lighter hearts.

Anniversary Week in Boston begins May 24. The annual meeting of the Unitarian Association will be in Tremont Temple, Tuesday, the 25th. In the morning the order will include the directors' report, general discussions, and election of officers. In the afternoon there will be addresses. In the evening there will be a full religious service, with a sermon by Robert Collyer.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Sec'y.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The following items are from the lively editorial columns of the *Pilgrim Teacher* for May.

Mr. Hazard, the editor, makes this observation on the injury which needless criticism of the superintendent can create: "When the superintendent is backed by the whole school, he can accomplish a great deal, even if he is not conspicuously qualified for his position. Let all in the school, then, cheer on the superintendent. It takes a good many bees to fill a hive with honey, but one hornet can make a whole camp-meeting unhappy."

He also refers to a lecture given in Boston lately by George W. Cable, in which he referred to the evil effects of reading bad books. "Then, with one of the quick turns for which he is remarkable, he added, 'But what of the bad reading of good books?'" There is a great deal in that suggestion.

We sometimes think that Sunday-schools are disorderly, and wonder how right order shall be maintained. I always contend we are improving in these matters, and all that is needful is a long enough look backward to see what conditions were some time ago. Here is an extract from the by-laws of Saint Ann's Sunday-school in 1828. What should we think of such a rule at the present time? "No teacher shall appear with a rod or cane in his or her class, but order shall be maintained in the several classes by most temperate measures. They shall deliver over all disorderly scholars to the superintendent, who shall report them, and take such other measures as will insure their good order and obedience."

Preparations are on foot for an interesting anniversary meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society at King's Chapel on Thursday, May 27, at 2 P.M. There will be prominent speakers and vital topics. These meetings seem to be increasing in interest, probably from the fact that those who attend find something which is not only information for the mind, but quickening of zeal.

The current leaflet lessons for May include an unusual series of subjects. Certain books of the Old Testament are treated which are often stumbling-blocks to many readers of the Bible, as, for instance, the books of Jonah and Esther. The latest scholarship is drawn upon to illuminate the inner meaning of these books. The subjects are "Chronicles," "Ruth, the Moabitess," "A Jewess Queen (Esther)," "Jonah," and "The Greek Bible." The Primary grade, which is printed on a four-page illustrated leaflet, is prepared by Rev. Albert Walkley, the Intermediate by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The Intermediate and Advanced grades are printed together on a four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents a hundred leaflets.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society receives orders for the admirable series of leaflets entitled "Questions on the Way of Life." These are well calculated for use in advanced classes and religious unions. Four of these have thus far been issued, with the following titles: "Can I make God Real?" "Can I Follow Jesus?" "How shall I Pray?" and "What is Required of Me?"

Price, 10 cents a dozen, or 50 cents per hundred.

Easter was more widely observed than ever by our Sunday-schools, in many cases the church uniting and holding joint exercises, good alike for both young and old. This calendar day of the Church is fast assuming rank with Christmas; and why should it not? It strikes the note of victory, and gives fresh courage.

Another helpful book for Sunday-school teachers and ministers in Sunday-school talks is "Addresses and Illustrative Stories," by Julie Rawlins. This is an English publication. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Pages 174. Price 75 cents.

"Our Faith," printed on thick paper, 22×28 inches, is having a large sale. It is a good thing to hang on the walls of the Sunday-school room or in the vestibule of the church. No better summary of Unitarian belief has been published. Price 25 cents, postage prepaid.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society will hold its fourteenth annual meeting in Unity Church, Chicago, Ill., Wednesday evening, May 5. Besides the business meeting there will be addresses on "New Features in Sunday-school Work," "Sunday-school Circles for Small Towns," "Auxiliary Societies for Sunday-school Pupils," and "Kindergarten Methods in Sunday-school," by many Sunday-school leaders in the West, such as Rev. Florence Buck, A. W. Gould. W. W. Fenn, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Albert Scheible, Juniata Stafford, A. G. Jennings, Elinor E. Gordon, L. G. Duncan, Mrs. A. W. Bryant.

The general verdict of experts who are introducing kindergarten teaching in the Sunday-schools is that as little of the details which find place in the every-day kindergarten should be used as possible. The cards and somewhat similar aids are approved; but the elaborate system of clay, crayons, perforated cards, etc., is not advisable. There may be good reasons for criticising this verdict, but it is one quite widely held. The kindergarten or primary department has evidently come to stay in Sunday-schools. And now it behooves the wise teacher to be careful and not overwork this department.

There will be no new services for Flower Sunday or Children's Sunday issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society for this year, but the popular services of 1893 and 1894 will be republished. These contain carols by Carl Pflueger, E. H. Bailey, W. L. Glover, Arthur F. Burnett, Frederic O. MacCartney, Howard M. Dow, Arthur M. Raymond, Mrs. A. T. Cobb, and R. H. Clouston. Price 5 cents a copy, or $4.00 a hundred.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES, "TRUTH, WORSHIP, SERVICE."

[The president of the Y. P. R. U. is responsible for this column. All communications and matters relative to it should be sent to Miss E. R. Ross, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

The following societies have contributed to the treasury of the Y. P. R. U. to date, since the last quarterly report:—

Unity Club, Dover, N.H.	$5.00
Y. P. Guild, Pembroke, Mass.	2.50
Y. P. Religious Fraternity, Montpelier, Vt.	2.00
Y. P. R. U., Malden, Mass.	2.00
Guild of Church of Our Father, Buffalo, N.Y.	5.00
Unity Club, Randolph, Mass.	1.00
Y. P. Fraternity, Bernardston, Mass.	5.00
Hawes Guild, South Boston, Mass.	1.00
Y. P. Guild, Second Church, Somerville, Mass.	1.50
Unitarian Guild, Ashby, Mass.	2.00
Cudworth Guild, East Boston	5.00
Adams Guild, Templeton, Mass.	1.00
Channing Union, Newton Centre	1.00
Nathaniel Hall Society, First Parish, Dorchester, Mass	25.00
Guild of Good Samaritan, Gardner, Mass.	3.00
Unity Guild, Salem, Ore.	1.00
Y. P. Guild, Lexington, Mass.	5.00
Y. P. R. U., Ann Arbor, Mich.	5.00
Guild of First Parish, Dedham, Mass.	2.00
Winkley Guild, Bulfinch Place Church, Boston	1.00
Guild of St. Christopher, Brooklyn, N.Y.	5.00
Y. P. R. U., Sherborn, Mass.	2.00
Y. P. R. U., Littleton, N.H.	1.00
Y. P. R. U., Des Moines, Ia.	1.00
Y. P. R. U., Burlington, Vt.	10.00
King's Daughters, Beachmont, Revere, Mass.	5.00
	$90.00

A. P. RECCORD, *Treasurer.*

Arrangements are making for a fine programme of exercises for the meetings of the Y. P. R. U. Anniversary Week. Wednesday, May 26, will probably be the day; and the morning session will be given up to election of officers and routine business. In the evening there may be a union meeting with the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist denomination. The *Christian Register* will give details.

Our new Hymnal Leaflet, No. 1, is meeting with great favor. It contains the fine rally hymn of Rev. J. T. Sunderland and several other inspiring hymns, with a short liturgy, and can be obtained from the central office for 20 cents per dozen. No society can afford to be without this able helper. Clubs are sending in items of special features which we shall give in our columns, as space permits, as suggestions to other unions. There can be much co-operation in work; for instance, that of "Country Week," one society furnishing money and another homes for the sick and tired little visitors. We are glad to hear from any or all unions hints, questions, problems solved or unsolved, and may perhaps thus aid one to help another. We wish our unions knew the value of the Question

Tracts issued by the *Unitarian*. They are excellent for use on topics or for general missionary distribution, and sold at so low a rate all unions can get them.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

NEW YORK LEAGUE.—The regular meeting was held Friday, April 2, at Unity Church, Brooklyn, with an attendance of about two hundred and seventy-five, Miss Emma C. Low presiding.

After the reports of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Smallwood in behalf of the Religious News Committee gave an account of the Middle States Conference at Philadelphia. The Philanthropic News Committee had invited Mrs. Sessions, president of the Consumers' League of Brooklyn, to present their line of work.

Mrs. Dix traced the movements of Mrs. R. H. Davis up to date, in her Western trip, and then made a special appeal for help for the struggling Unitarian church at Richmond, Va. A collection, the third of the year, was taken; and the sum of $33 was raised.

The subject for the day's consideration was "The Legitimate Basis for the Acquisition and Expenditure of Wealth." The first paper, by Mrs. Thomas R. Slicer, of Buffalo, treated the subject from the standpoint of a person in comparative wealth; while the second, by Mrs. Becker, was from that of one who earns her living.

In the absence of Mrs. Slicer, Mrs. Gilman Tucker read the paper. After scoring woman's sentimentality when it shows itself in politics, for instance, she rejoiced that it had some legitimate place, else what would become of grace and beauty in the world? Wealth has given great encouragement to the fine arts.

It is a mistake to suppose that wealth brings only pleasure, self-indulgence, and excitement: it also gives increased responsibilities. We are getting over the Puritan idea that life is one long schooling to live without pleasure, crucifying the desires of life, erasing all the finer, sweeter obligations. We owe it to the world to be happy and grateful. The poor lose much of this happiness because of monotonous toil, the rich from satiety. Wealth is a great test of character: it gives leisure to use one's best self for humanity as well as for one's own home.

The miser, beginning life with necessary thrift, suffers a deterioration of character by continuing to exercise these same traits. Ostentatious display of wealth by the vulgar she thought not so great a sin as the hoarding, miserly spirit. She advocated rather the spending and the giving away of the surplus, in small sums, throughout life. Hospitals and charitable institutions can better be supported from many small sums than one large gift. The slavery of patronage follows great donations.

In advocating simplicity in life, Mrs. Slicer remarked: Simplicity means fitness, and is not always easy of attainment. It may mean on the street $4 a yard and a tailor bill besides.

The real concern of life is the human soul and its relations to God, and wealth enables one to bestow one's self to those who need the uplifting hand. Character may grow out of wealth.

Mrs. Mary Lamberton Becker of New York then followed. She defined wealth as the surplus over and above what we may spend. The wholesome bitter-sweet of *earning* money was strongly advocated; for it establishes a high standard of excellence, especially when there is keen competition, it encourages self-respect, and prevents the miserly hoarding of money, as the wage-earner sees money merely as a medium of exchange. Work must be for work's sake, and the pay a necessary but secondary adjunct. She thought women might improve their housekeeping even, if they kept house in this spirit,—as if some alien and impartial purchaser were daily expected to criticise and examine.

While fitting one's self for a profession, it is often necessary to earn one's living in any way, so long as it is honest; but otherwise she urged the choosing of one's work with care and thought. There is a valuable element in our civilization, what she called the student class, not self-supporting, which was not ignored. Wealth has an opportunity, through the universities, of enabling these investigators to pursue their studies by which all mankind is benefited. Thus wealth can furnish not only the sinews of war, but of wisdom. The altruism of those who have money should be broad and far-reaching.

Because large fortunes can only be amassed through the existence and co-operation of a great community, hence the public has some claim to them. They should be used for the furtherance of the world's higher life.

Miss Edith Putnam led the discussion. She spoke feelingly of the new burdens higher education for women has brought upon the amiable father, who wears himself out in trying to gratify all the legitimate desires that follow culture. She suggested several practical schemes by which the home atmosphere of comfort, freedom, and happiness, may be preserved, and still the daughters turn their talents to some lucra-

tive end. One suggestion was that, where a number of families are living in apartments, perhaps under the same roof, certain co-operative schemes might be feasible. One lady might arrange and care for the flowers for a number: another might do all of the ordering as well as the marketing.

As the usual time for adjournment had arrived, an interesting discussion was cut short. A hymn and the Lord's Prayer completed the exercises, and the usual social hour was spent at luncheon.

ALICE P. JACKSON,
Recording Secretary.

BOOKS.

The following are some of the books approved by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books: —

"Baffling the Blockade." By J. Macdonald Oxley. (New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1896.) pp. 375. $1.25. A tale of our Civil War. Interesting as written from the standpoint of an inhabitant of Charleston, S.C. A tale of adventure rather than patriotism. For boys over fourteen.

"Black and Blue." By Ascott R. Hope. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1896.) pp. 364. $1.50. The experiences of a lad in England and Scotland. Good lesson of contentment and consideration of others. For boys of fourteen and over.

"Black Tor, The." By G. Manville Fenn. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896.) pp. 328. $1.50. A story of the time of James II. It has no historical worth, but the lesson of heroism and peacemaking make it valuable. For boys of fourteen and upwards.

"Boys of Clovernook, The. The Story of Five Boys on a Farm." By Mary Barnes Beal. (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company, 1896.) pp. 351. $1.50. Valuable and interesting lessons of loving kindness, truth, and honor. Accepted in spite of the regrettable incident of child-stealing by a tramp. For readers between nine and fourteen.

"Cape May Diamond." By Evelyn Raymond. (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1896.) pp. 325. $1.50. A story teaching an admirable lesson of unselfishness, though somewhat improbable in incident. For readers between nine and fourteen.

"Fairies of Fern Dingle, or Little Lessons from the Little Folk." By Harriet A. Cheever. (Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School Publishing Society, 1896.) pp. 250. $1.00. It is not really a fairy story, but under the guise of fairies a little girl is told many interesting things about nature.

"For King or Country. A Story of the American Revolution." By James Barnes. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1896.) pp. 269. $1.50. Interesting and instructive story of twin brothers brought up in a Tory family in New Jersey: one, taken to England, remains a royalist; the other becomes an ardent patriot. For boys over thirteen. Specially approved.

"Hermit Princes, The. A Tale of Adventure in Japan." By Eleanor Stredder. (New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1897.) pp. 315. $1.00. Deals with Japanese politics and customs. For readers over fourteen.

"History of Jack the Giant Killer, and Other Stories, The." Based on the tales in Andrew Lang's "Blue Fairy Book." Longmans' Supplementary Readers. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1892.) pp. 111. 20 cents. Abridged for little children.

"How Dick and Molly saw England." By M. H. Cornwall Legh. (New York: Edward Arnold.) pp. 312. $1.50. An account of the travels of two children with their parents, containing much curious and valuable information. For readers between nine and fourteen.

"Little Peterkin Vandihe: The Story of his Famous Poetry Party." (Boston: Alpha Publishing Company.) pp. 154. $1.00. A slight story, charmingly illustrated, of how a little boy turned his own pleasure to the service of some "Country Week" children.

"Making of a Hero, and Other Stories for Boys, The." By Mrs. George E. Paull. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revel Company, 1896.) pp. 87. 50 cents. A good collection of short stories for boys. For readers of ten and twelve.

"Merry Five, The." By Penn Shirley. The Silver Gate Series. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1896.) pp. 155. 75 cents. A pleasant story of the vacation of five Californian children. For readers between nine and fourteen.

"Orange and Green." A tale of the Boyne and Limerick. By G. A. Henty. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 352. $1.50. A good impartial story of the beginnings of the Protestant and Catholic strife in Ireland. For readers over twelve.

"Palace on the Moor." By Eleanor Davenport Adams. (New York: Edward Arnold, 1896.) pp. 192. $1.00. A spirited and wholesome story, with good lessons of moral courage. For readers between nine and fourteen.

"Plants and their Children." By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated. (New York: American Book Company.) pp. 272. 65 cents net. A good book for teachers to read with little children.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A BIT OF VIRGINIA.

When I was a little girl, I lived in a great, rambling old house on the sunny shores of Virginia. Such a merry household as ours was! There were six children: Mark, the eldest, was fourteen; Cousin Joe and his twin sister Madge, who lived with us, were eleven; I was nine; and there were two younger brothers, Hugh and Bert.

Many were the delightful plays we used to have on the beach, building forts, houses, wells, aquariums, and the countless other things that children can make in the sand. Sometimes we would roast oysters and potatoes out there.

How much we did enjoy the long drives in our blue dump-cart! This cart had been bought for use on the farm; but father gave it to us when we pleaded that it was so much safer than the carriage, not half so easily upset, and, besides, dozens of times more fun. A queer sight it was to see that heavy dump-cart, loaded with children, jog along the roads. The dogs did bark; and men, women, and children turned out to see when we went a-driving. Often we were up and off before the rest of the family dreamed of waking. Our usual breakfast of oatmeal and milk was easily prepared and hastily eaten.

These early starts always meant a trip to the upper farm, which was one that we especially enjoyed. Father kept the colts and calves and tired horses up there, and we enjoyed playing with them. Often we rode the horses all over the meadow. In season we would get a load of melons and cantaloupes to take home.

There were many delightful plays in the house on rainy days, and long walks on Sunday afternoons with father, when he would tell us such lovely true stories.

But there is one rainy day that stands out clearer then the others in my memory. All the lessons were over for the day, and we were just finishing our one-o'clock dinner, when father, after quietly listening to our merry plans for the afternoon, informed us, in a severe tone, that he wished to see us all in the best room immediately after dinner. I think each one of us either dropped his spoon or choked, so surprised were we. It was a serious matter, I can tell you; for father never used such a tone to us unless something had gone very far wrong, and to be summoned to the best room was simply unheard of. We children rarely entered it; nor, in fact, did any one, except to give it an occasional cleaning. Years ago it had been my grandmother's pride; but in my mother's reign it was considered much too large and gloomy for every-day use, and certainly too unused to be hospitable as a reception-room. Its walls were hung with the gloomiest portraits. There seemed to be countless black haircloth chairs. The marble-top table stood where it had stood for years, holding the red-leather family Bible and ivory card-plate. The piano grandma had practised on stood stiffly against the wall. Over all, from ceiling to the ugly green carpet, there hung a dreary dampness that awed us children and kept us as far away from it as possible. The fact of being summoned to this best room struck us, to say the least, as uncomfortable.

Silently we filed along the hall to the door of the appointed room, where father stood waiting with his hand on the knob. When we were all there, he threw open the door; and what do you suppose we saw? An entirely empty room; every bit of furniture —carpet, pictures, even the piano—had disappeared. The green curtains were up to the very top of the sash, and light came in from all sides. Entirely empty, did I say? Not quite, for in a nice row on the hard bare floor stood six pairs of brand-new roller skates! It took but a little while for us to see through the joke; and then with one accord we rushed at father, nearly devouring him with hugs and kisses. Mother came to the rescue. Laughingly she pointed to her part of the surprise, which stood just behind the skates. It was a tall bottle of arnica, "for I prophesy many a bruise before night." In spite of the downpour outdoors, the whole world seemed full of sunshine to at least six young people that afternoon so long ago. They sprawled and bumped and shouted and laughed, and all learned to skate, except little five-year-old Bert, who spent his time begging others to pull him; and, as he was such a love of a boy, he usually got what he wanted. B. F.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Nominating Committee of the American Unitarian Association consists of Rev. Charles G. Ames and C. C. Smith, Boston; W. S. Blanchard, Concord; Alfred Stone, Providence; and Mrs. Clarence W. Jones, Brookline.

Anniversary meetings in Boston, May 24, 25, 26, 27. The meetings of the American Unitarian Association will be held in Tremont Temple. Very attractive meetings are being planned, but it is too early as we go to press to give the programme of speakers.

Monday.—The annual meeting of Ministerial Union in the morning at Channing Hall, and the annual meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society in the afternoon.

Tuesday.—Annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. Three sessions, morning, afternoon, and evening, in Tremont Temple. The evening session is to be devoted to a religious service, with sermon by Dr. Robert Collyer.

Wednesday.—Berry Street Conference at Arlington Street Church Vestry. Annual meeting of National Alliance of Unitarian Women in the afternoon.

Thursday.—Sunday School Society's annual meeting in King's Chapel, 2 P.M. In the evening the "Festival" at Music Hall.

Program of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Monday, May 3.

7.45 P.M. Opening Services.
Sermon by Rev. IDA C. HULTIN, Moline.

Tuesday, May 4.

9.30 A.M. Business Session.
Address of the President, Hon. D. L. SHOREY.
Report of the Secretary, Rev. A. W. GOULD.
Report of the Treasurer, H. W. BROUGH.
Brief Reports of State Conferences.
Rev. E. A. COIL, for Ohio.
Rev. L. J. DUNCAN, for Illinois.
Rev. W. D. SIMONDS, for Wisconsin.
Rev. ELINOR E. GORDON, for Iowa.
Rev. F. C. SOUTHWORTH, for Minnesota.
Rev. T. P. BYRNES, for Michigan.
Rev. A. WYMAN, for the Missouri Valley.
Report for the American Unitarian Association, by Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR, Secretary.
12.00 M. Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. JASPER L. DOUTHIT, Shelbyville, Ill.
2.30 P.M. Address on "Our Missionary Opportunity," by Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR.
3.00 P.M. Four addresses on "Missionary Agencies in the Central West":—
"Western Unitarian Conference," by Rev. ELINOR E. GORDON, Iowa City.
"Missionary Council," by Rev. F. C. SOUTHWORTH, Duluth, Minn.
"Local Conferences," by Rev. L. A. HARVEY, Des Moines, Ia.
"Old and New," by Rev. ARTHUR M. JUDY, Davenport, Ia.
4.20 P.M. General Discussion, opened by Rev. MARION MURDOCK, Cleveland.
7.45 P.M. Three addresses on "The Church as a Social Factor":—
"The Church and Poverty," by Rev. CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.
"The Church and Luxury," by Rev. WILLIAM R. LORD, St. Paul, Minn.
"The Church and Ignorance," by Rev. FLORENCE BUCK, Cleveland, Ohio.

Wednesday, May 5.

9.30 AM. Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.
Address of the President, Rev. A. W. GOULD.
Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, ALBERT SCHEIBLE.
10.00 A.M. "New Features in Sunday-school Work."
(1) "Stories with Memory-gems for General Exercises," by JUNIATA STAFFORD, Chicago.

(2) "Parallel Illustrations for Biblical Incidents," by Rev. FLORENCE BUCK, Cleveland, Ohio.
(3) "A Picture and Poem Course of Lessons." by Rev. W. W. FENN.
(4) "A Course of Lessons on Every-day Religion," by Rev. CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

11.30 A.M. Business. Appointment of committees; amendment to the constitution.
12.00 M. Devotional meeting, led by Rev. A. G. JENNINGS, Toledo, Ohio.
2.30 P.M. Final business. Election of officers; other matters.
2.45 P.M. "Sunday-school Circles for Small Towns," by Rev. ELINOR E. GORDON.
3.00 P.M. "Auxiliary Societies for Sunday-school Pupils," by Rev. L. J. DUNCAN.
3.15 P.M. "Kindergarten Methods in the Sunday-schools," by Mrs. A. W. BRYANT, Chicago.
4.00 P.M. Address on "Young People's Religious Union," by Rev. L. W. SPRAGUE, Boston.
4.30 P.M. Reports of the Individual Young People's Religious Societies.
7 45 P.M. Four addresses on "Helps to Character Building":—
"Literature," by Rev. F. L. HOSMER, St. Louis, Mo.
"Moral Habits," by W. M. SALTER.
"The School," by G. BAMBERGER, Superintendent of the Jewish Training School, Chicago.
"The Church," by Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

Thursday, May 6.

9.30 A.M. Reports of the Ladies' Societies.
Paper on "Post-office Mission," by Miss ELLEN F. MARSHALL, Chicago.
Paper on "Benefits of Organization," by Mrs. V. M. RICHARDSON, Princeton.
General discussion, opened by Mrs. R. H. DAVIS, New York.
12.00 M. Devotional meeting, led by Rev. W. G. ELIOT, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.
2.30 P.M. Final Business.
8.00 P.M. Social Meeting and Reception.

Ann Arbor, Mich.— On the 29th of March the people of Ann Arbor had the great satisfaction of a visit from Prof. Francis G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass. In the afternoon he gave a masterly address at the university before the Philosophical Society on "Ethics and the Social Sciences." In the evening he delivered a lecture at the Unitarian church, under the auspices of the Anti-saloon League, on "The Cambridge Idea," telling how Cambridge had gotten rid of its saloons, and the results that have followed. This is a live topic in Ann Arbor now, and the story of how a sister college city has accomplished this task awakened much interest. After the lecture a reception was extended to Prof. Peabody at the Unitarian parsonage. Mr. Sunderland has just finished a series of four sermons on "Liberal Religion in India." In the first two he spoke of "Unitarianism in India," giving an account of a Unitarian Association organized by Rajah Ram Mohun Roy early in the century, the Unitarian church in Madras, the important work of Rev. C. H. A. Dall in Calcutta for thirty years as the missionary of the American Unitarian Association, the visits of Mary Carpenter of England, of the work for Hindu widows by Pundita Ramabai and Sasipada Bannerjis, the remarkable Unitarian movement in the Khasi Hills under the leadership of Mr. Kissor Singh, the interesting work of Mr. Akbar Masih among the Mohammedans of the North-west Provinces, and the excellent "Mozoomdar Mission." Mr. Sunderland's third sermon was upon "The Brahmo-Somaj: Its History and Leaders"; and he gave an account of his own experiences in visiting societies, and especially in attending the Brahmo-Somaj Anniversary in Calcutta. In the fourth sermon he considered the subject of "Orthodox Christian Missions in India," and the question, "Will the Future Religion of India be Christian?" The sermons have awakened great interest, and there is an urgent call for them to be printed.

Bangor, Me.—The recent annual parish meeting was very largely attended, and great interest shown in all departments. A sermon by Rev. S. C. Beach upon "The Citizen in Politics," has been much commented upon and highly praised for its sound advice.

Boston, Mass.—A most enthusiastic reception was given to Dr. E. E. Hale by the Hale Club in the parlors of the South Congregational Church on the evening of April 12. The occasion was in celebration of Dr. Hale's seventy-fifth birthday. The parlors were crowded. Dr. Hale and Mrs. Hale, Miss Lucretia B. Hale, and Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper received. Mr. Nazro, vice-president of the club, made the presentation of a souvenir purse, to which Dr. Hale replied with happy and entertaining reminiscences. Congratulatory letters were read from Gov. Wolcott and many others. Rev. Charles G. Ames and Rev. E. A. Horton took part in the speech-making. Poems were read from Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Robert Collyer, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Brighton, Mass.—After a seven years' vigorous and successful pastorate, Rev. Al-

bert Walkley has resigned from the pulpit of the First Parish Church. During Mr. Walkley's ministry the most important progress in the history of the society has occurred, and under his personal and indefatigable care the new elegant stone church on Chestnut Hill Avenue has been built and completely and beautifully equipped.

Brookline, Mass.—Rev. Dr. Bradlee on the 9th of April, 1893, began services in Sears Chapel. From then till now Dr. Bradlee has held this post tenaciously and at considerable self-sacrifice, and is finally rewarded with a large and enthusiastic congregation. Organization has been effected under the title of the Second Unitarian Society; and it at once takes its place among our strong, wealthy, and influential city churches. Dr. Bradlee finds the labor exacted by this rapidly increasing society too much for his strength, and will sever his relations with it the first of May.

—The Suffolk Conference is encouraging services at Chestnut Hill. Mr. R. S. Loring is doing excellent work there, and the hope is that an independent society will be established in the near future.

Cambridgeport, Mass.—Rev. Augustus P. Reccord was installed as pastor of the Third Congregational Society in Cambridge (Austin Street, Unitarian) Thursday evening, April 22, at 7.30 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. John Cuckson. Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Rev. S. M. Crothers, and others took part in the services.

Cape Cod, Mass.—All who are familiar with Cape Cod, know that it is a place by itself; that its people belong to the purest Yankee stock, and have strongly-marked characteristics. Among these people the Rev. J. A. Bevington of Barnstable has done remarkable work, renewing their interest in religion. Our other ministers on the Cape are also doing faithful work. There are many towns, however, which are not reached by them in their labors, and it has been proposed that for three months another minister be sent into that region who shall fill successively the pulpits of the settled ministers, giving them an opportunity to preach in towns which need our gospel, and which would welcome it. The cost of such an undertaking would be about $150. Are there not those among us who would like to encourage this work, and who would contribute toward it? Any communications to this effect might be sent to Rev. D. M. Wilson, 25 Beacon Street.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The young layman minister, Mr. Marion Ham, is giving the greatest satisfaction. His sermons are most excellent and helpful, and the whole society rejoices that such power should have been found within its own membership. Mr. Ham has organized the young people, and has arranged for most excellent church music.

Chelsea, Mass.—By direction of the standing committee Mr. Gould presented the following resolutions, which on motion of Mr. Stearns were adopted by a unanimous vote:—

Whereas the resignation of Rev. A. P. Reccord as minister of the First Unitarian Church of Chelsea is regarded as a serious loss, not only to this parish, but to the whole community, and

Whereas we desire to place upon record in the most enduring manner our high appreciation of him as a man, as a minister, and as an eloquent preacher of liberal Christianity, therefore,

Resolved, That, in accepting his resignation, we lose an earnest, faithful, and zealous worker, one who has labored industriously and constantly for the welfare and upbuilding of the community, the advancement of liberal Christianity, and the moral elevation and happiness of each individual member of the parish.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret severing the relations that have existed so happily between him and this parish as pastor and people with so much profit to us as individuals, and that henceforth we are to be deprived of his ministration and of listening to his eloquent, forcible, and spiritual instruction, and of receiving that noble inspiration, courage, and confidence from his pleasant words and consistent, upright deportment which will be felt as a personal loss to every member of the society.

Resolved, That, while we feel deeply and keenly our loss, we rejoice with Mr. Reccord in the increased prosperity that has come to him through well-earned and meritorious exertions, and most earnestly pray that he may be abundantly blessed with success in his new field of labor.

Resolved, That we are sorry to be deprived of the valuable service of Mrs. Reccord, whose intelligent business qualifications and pleasant social qualities have endeared her to us all.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the parish, and a copy of the same, properly certified by the moderator and secretary, be presented to Mr. Reccord.

D. W. GOULD, *Moderator.*
GEORGE M. STEARNS, *Parish Clerk.*

A beautiful Easter service was conducted by Rev. Margaret B. Barnard Sunday, April 18, taking for her text the matchless words: "I came that they might have *life*, and that they might have it *more abundantly*." It was a sermon preached from heights of thought and depths of feeling. It quickened the Easter hope in the hearts of the many who heard her. "Blessed are they who have given us the sweet solace of holy psalms."

Chicago, Ill.—The work of Unity Church is enlarging in every department. The address recently given by the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, Mr. George W. Stone, aroused great interest, and will without doubt be productive of much good.

At All Souls', during the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. Ll. Jones, who has been taking a much-needed rest, travelling in Europe, the pulpit was supplied most efficiently by professors of Chicago University.

Prof. Peabody of Harvard University has

preached twice at the Church of the Messiah in Mr. Fenn's absence.

Chicopee, Mass.—Rev. W. W. Peck has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of our church in this town.

Concord, N.H.—At the regular Sunday morning service on April 4 we had the great pleasure of listening to Mr. George W. Stone of Boston, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, who gave a very interesting address upon the needs and opportunities of the Association in the different departments of their work. In the evening Mr. Stone spoke before the Channing Guild on "Immortality." Easter Sunday was a perfect spring day, and was observed with special services.

The decorations of the church at the morning service were very beautiful, consisting of palms, Easter lilies, and white tulips, which had been arranged by the King's Daughters in a most artistic manner. The choir rendered appropriate musical selections. Rev. Frank L. Phalen took as his text a part of the twenty-second verse of the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians,—"In Christ shall all be made alive."

The sermon was one of the most helpful and hopeful of the many strong ones that have been delivered from the pulpit by the present pastor; and the large congregation drew from it lessons of value, as well as thoughts of beauty and striking word-pictures. An Easter service was held in the Sunday-school, directly following the morning service. The chapel was well filled, and the exercises were of a very interesting character, consisting of addresses by our pastor, Rev. F. L. Phalen, superintendent, Dr. A. F. Sumner, and by Prof. Batchelder, readings and recitations by members of the school, and carols by the children. The Easter service in the new service book was used. The singing by the school was a very enjoyable feature. They were assisted by the choir, and accompanied by violin and piano; and the beautiful Easter carols were sung with much spirit.

At 6.30 in the chapel Channing Guild observed the day with an appropriate service, participated in by different members of the society.

At the morning service the annual contribution of the church to the American Unitarian Association was taken, and the Sunday-school sent its usual Easter offering to the Children's Mission in Boston.

Deerfield, Mass.—The two hundred and eleventh annual parish meeting of the First Congregational Church here was held on Friday evening, April 9, and proved a very happy occasion. This year the executive committee and the pastor sent a special invitation to all parishioners, young and old, to be present at the town hall at half-past six on the appointed evening. At this time supper was served. After supper, to which, in spite of the bad weather, sixty people sat down, there were a few cheerful and inspiring words from the pastor, Mr. George W. Solley, a poem written for the occasion and read by Mrs. Lucretia Eels, and a letter from Mr. George Sheldon.

After this the company left the tables to hear the reports of the parish officers and carry on other necessary business. The parish had most encouraging reports from treasurer and executive committee, showing a balance in the treasury to be applied to the floating debt of the church. The Sunday-school has been reorganized, the graded lessons on the life of Jesus adopted, together with a marking system and examinations. The first Sunday in the month has been set apart as benevolent Sunday, and the treasurer reports a balance of $15 in the treasury. The Ladies' Society is in a flourishing condition, having expended $519.75 during the year, which includes $253 paid on a parish note of $300, which they assumed last year. The Lend a Hand Club, which was organized in January 21 of this year, has now seventy-nine members. They have paid $50 to the parish, $11 toward the Ladies' Society dishes, and are now carpeting the church and upholstering the antique mahogany pulpit.

After hearing all this, with a report from Mr. Solley on the benevolences of the church, the company listened to a solo by Miss Hannah Clapp, and then to a vigorous talk from Archibald Howe, Esq., of Boston and Cambridge. Mr. Howe's words were full of religious zeal, of sense, and of humor; and they left his hearers in a glow.

The pastor and church enter upon this new year with hopefulness and vigor. On Easter Sunday there was the largest congregation which has been seen in the church for years. In the morning six children and one adult were baptized, and three persons were admitted to the church. In the evening the Sunday-school gave a choral service, with recitations and offerings from the children of contributions for the Children's Mission in Boston and of flowers for the sick people at home.

Dorchester, Mass.—Christ Church has inaugurated an attractive preliminary to the ordinary Sunday morning service. "Beginning with Sunday, March 21, the regular morning service will be preceded by an organ recital, fifteen minutes in length, commencing at 10.30. These programmes will be made up of works from the classical

composers, and also of compositions by modern writers.'' The annual parish meeting, March 15, was well attended; and encouraging reports were heard, and officers chosen for the ensuing year. The pastor, Rev. B. A. Goodridge, spoke of the gratifying increase of strength and spirit that the church has shown during the year. The next need is to complete the church building. —The First Parish expects to dedicate the new church May 6. The annual business meeting of the parish was held April 12 at Winthrop Hall, Robert Swan, moderator.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year Mr. H. J. Nazro resigned from the Standing Committee, of which he has been a member for the last thirty years. A vote of thanks was given him by the parish for his long and faithful service. The officers for the ensuing year are: Richard C. Humphreys, treasurer; William Channing Clapp, clerk; John P. May, auditor.

The Standing Committee is as follows: J. Homer Pierce, Henry Hall, and W. P. Stone.

—The Third Religious Society held its annual parish meeting April 12. Preceding the business supper was served in the Parish Hall, after which the pastor, Rev. Frederick B. Mott, spoke of the history and the present opportunities of the church. At the business meeting Dr. J. H. Daly was chosen moderator; Mr. Edwin R. De Long was made assessor; C. E. Churchill, clerk; Mr. Henry Richardson, treasurer; and Messrs. Henry D. Pope and H. Arnold Pope, auditors; Mr. Arthur W. Whittemore, collector; and Mr. George Dexter, Mr. Henry P. Cooke, Mrs. Dudley Talbot, and Mrs. E. R. De Long, Music Committee. The treasurer reported the society free from all debt, and its financial affairs in excellent condition. The income of the society, both from pew rents and legacies, is steadily increasing.

Dover, N.H.—The church here has doubled its numbers under Dr. Duren J. H. Ward. He is presenting the gospel of rational Christianity so forcibly as to make religion one of the chief topics of conversation in the city. In his own home he has established a printing-press from which he issues weekly, for free distribution, short extracts from his own and other sermons. These help to inspire and guide to a great extent the prevalent religious interest.

Duluth, Minn.—The Unity Club meetings during March have been unusually interesting, particularly that of March 1, when the subject was "Mrs. Humphry Ward." The subjects for the other two meetings were "Socialism" and "Municipal Government in the United States and Europe." . . . The Women's Auxiliary held a social and literary meeting at the residence of one of its members on Tuesday P.M., March 2. The subject for discussion at the last meeting was "Favorite Hymns and Hymn Writers." Hymns by Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Hosmer, Cardinal Newman, Samuel Longfellow, and others were read or recited and brief sketches of the author given.

Ellsworth, Me.—The church, which has been closed for about two years, has been revived, and, with Rev. W. H. Hunt for minister, is prospering remarkably, as is evidenced by congregations of one hundred and fifty and even two hundred, and a Sunday-school of about one hundred.

Exeter, N.H.—Rev. John C. Kimball of Hartford closed his engagement with the First Unitarian Church March 28. Mr. Kimball has supplied the pulpit here with the greatest satisfaction to the parish for ten Sundays.

Fall River, Mass.—On March 21, Rev. Arthur M. Knapp closed a ministry of five and one-half years over the Unitarian Society, preaching a sermon on the theme, "Thirty Years in the Ministry," in which he said that, although now leaving the ministerial profession, he was glad he adopted it when a young man. A farewell reception was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, in the church vestry, on the Thursday evening previous. A purse was given to him by the male members of the society, and a brooch to Mrs. Knapp by the ladies.

Farmington, Me.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay continues to deepen and extend a higher spiritual life through all this region. His regular congregation strengthens from month to month. He is attracting the pupils of the Normal School in large numbers; and his afternoons and evenings are fully occupied in preaching to a congregation of about sixty at Fairbanks Mills, and another of from fifty to one hundred at Temple, and still another of fifty or more at New Sharon.

Franklin, N.H.—The Franklin Ministerial Union is an association of clergymen of different denominations, the attendance having included representatives of the Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, Christian, Free Baptist, and Unitarian churches of the vicinity, the usual attendance being from nine to twelve in number. The union is now in its second year; and the meetings have been entirely fraternal, although the religious questions discussed have involved wide differences of opinion. Rev. E. S. Elder has presented able papers upon the "Gospel of John," "The Apocryphal Literature as an Aid to New Testament Interpretation," and "The Growth of the Bible." Rev. J. B.

Harrison has presented the subjects of "Bribery at Elections," "Educational Reform," and a review of Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament." Rev. Lyman Clark has read papers upon "Reform of Elections," "Some Early Writers of the Bible," or "The Hexateuch and the World's Progress." Rev. Mr. Jenks of the Baptist church recently reviewed Prof. Green's book upon the higher criticism, in opposition to the conclusions of Driver and many others. Papers of interest by many others have been considered. The president of the union is Rev. John Thorpe, Congregationalist, of East Andover, N.H. The unsectarian basis of the union has worked with entire satisfaction. The meetings have been held once in two weeks during a large portion of the year. Biblical studies have been prominent; and all in attendance must have felt that the meetings have been helpful, the bracing freedom of criticism and the cordial fellowship being among the pleasant features of the union.

Harvard, Mass.—At the annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish, reports showed that the different departments of the church work were in a most harmonious and satisfactory condition. The congregations have held well up to their best. The Sunday-school has increased in numbers. The Ladies' Circle has given a successful series of socials once in four weeks throughout the season. The Y. P. R. U. organized during the last year has been a marked success in every way, adding new strength and vigor to the church. By a unanimous vote, the members present expressed their hearty approval and appreciation of the efforts of their pastor, Rev. J. P. Sheafe, and hoped that the cordial relations of pastor and people might long continue.

Laconia, N.H.—A difficult problem presented by the condition of the church here has been magnificently solved by Rev. G. H. Rice. Six months ago he was placed in charge; and in that short time he has doubled the strength of the morning congregation, has held vespers, attended by over one hundred and fifty on the average, and has maintained evening services in the opera house at Lakeport, gathering an average attendance of full three hundred interested people. It is likely the Lakeport movement will be organized.

Leicester, Mass.— Rev. Samuel May, who founded the Unitarian church in 1833, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on Sunday, April 11. The children of the Sunday-school, to whom he has been giving lessons lately upon the Beatitudes, rose and recited them in concert. Then one of their number presented him with a bouquet of Easter lilies, adding that the school had discovered a tenth beatitude, "Blessed is the man whose life is in accord with the Sermon on the Mount; for him shall all men delight to honor!" The congregation of this little church is small, as it has been almost from its beginning; but the Ladies' Society has built and paid for a pretty parish house within the past year, which is most convenient and cheery for parish suppers and other entertainments.

Los Angeles, Cal.—After a most enthusiastic special business meeting of the members of Unity Church, at which it was urged upon the pastor that the interests of this large and growing society would be most seriously disturbed if he insisted upon resigning, Rev. J. S. Thomson consented to withdraw his resignation.

Malden, Mass.—After a very successful pastorate of thirteen years, Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey has resigned, to take effect May 1. His retirement will be severely felt in the town of Malden, where he has been a popular, prominent, and valuable citizen, in addition to the large work he has done as preacher and pastor.

Meadville, Penn.— The new Catalogue of the Theological School for 1896–97 is now published, and shows a Senior Class of eight to graduate next June. These coming ministers represent six States,—two from New York, two from Ohio, and one from each of the following: California, Michigan, New Hampshire, Massachusetts. There are also five special students not taking the full course: eight Middle Class and seven Juniors make a total of twenty-eight students now in the school. We notice some improvements in the order of studies,— notably, more time given, under Prof. Barber, to ministerial work, lectures on the conduct of public worship, church extension, and Sunday-school work. Prof. Gilman has developed his sociological course. The lectures by non-resident professors are an attractive feature.

Melrose Highlands, Mass.—Rev. H. A. Westall, who is preaching here, finds that some seventy-five or more families are interested in the movement. He has inspired a rapid increase of the congregation, which is now considering migration to a larger hall.

Meredith, N.H.—A number of people here, dissatisfied with remaining at home, called upon Rev. D. M. Wilson, the superintendent, for his services. He preached to about sixty, and was followed by Rev. Perry Marshall, who held two other services. A Sunday circle was formed, and our literature is read every week.

Milton, Mass.—The annual meeting of the parish was held in the Parish Parlor, Monday afternoon, April 5, at three o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Boardman. Mr. J. B. Tileston was chosen moderator, and Mr. S. A. Morse clerk.

Mr. John Lindsley, Mrs. John Lindsley, and Mr. Gorham P. Faucon were admitted to membership.

Dr. Pierce reported for the Parish Committee that "the past year has been chiefly notable for the renovation of the interior of the meeting-house. As is usually the case, much more had to be done than was or could have been anticipated; but everything has been thoroughly done, and to the apparent satisfaction of everybody."

Moline, Ill.—Miss Hultin has recently preached a series of powerful sermons, taking for her themes "Belief in God," "Dependence on the Divine," "Conscious Co-operation with the Divine," "Willing Co-operation with the Divine," "Incarnation," "Is Living Worth the Struggle?"

Montclair, N.J.—Last March a meeting was held at the home of Mrs. F. A. Angell, to consider the advisability of forming a Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. A number of women were present at this meeting; and they heard an interesting address by Mrs. E. N. Bell of Rutherford, the New Jersey director of the National Alliance. Mrs. Bell showed the desirability of organizing a Branch; and her advice was adopted at once, the organization being speedily perfected.

Arrangements were made for meetings twice a month. These were attended by women only, who steadily grew more and more interested until the experiment became an accepted fact.

The great increase of interest soon introduced the question as to whether or not the men might also be interested in the movement; and a meeting was held March 31, at which both men and women were present.

Rev. Edward Hale, pastor of the Unitarian church of Orange, spoke upon "Conviction and Toleration"; and after the address an informal talk followed. It was decided at the meeting to hold union meetings fortnightly, while the women's meetings will also be continued. The formation of the Branch has attracted the attention of many prominent in Unitarian circles, and distinguished speakers will be heard in the near future.

Plans are being matured for a Sunday-school, which will begin in the early fall, it now being almost too late to arrange the school before vacation time. The Sunday-school is earnestly advocated even by those who do not particularly desire a church at once, as only in this way can the children obtain instruction in the tenets of their particular creed.

Natick, Mass.—The series of Unitarian services given here have been attended by congregations averaging about three hundred and rising at times to over four hundred. The interest continues unabated.

Neponset, Mass.—The guild of the Church of the Unity held a very interesting special service on Temperance, Sunday evening, April 11, using the Dr. William G. Eliot memorial service. Rev. Mr. Hosmer gave a sketch of Dr. Eliot's noble labors in St. Louis; and Rev. Alfred Noon, secretary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, followed, with an address on the three points made prominent by Dr. Eliot in his temperance work,—namely, Total Abstinence, Moral Suasion, Legislation.

New Haven, Conn.—A gentleman living in a suburb of New Haven has sent to the New England Superintendent $30 as a nest egg for the encouragement of Unitarian preaching in that city. He was delighted with the services held some years ago and is persuaded a society might be successfully established. Are there not others who would like to contribute to this fund? Unitarians who are graduates of Yale should discern here an opportunity for the exercise of their loyalty and generosity.

Newington, N.H.—Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth has been doing missionary preaching here. Now every third Sunday our preachers are called upon, and welcomed by fully a hundred eager listeners.

New London, Conn.—The movement here is prospering. Rev. J. F. Tucker, who threw himself into the work here with rare devotion, is meeting with a larger and more generous response than he had anticipated. He has arrested the attention of the city, and his congregations are steadily growing.

Newton, Mass.—Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke is giving in his church parlors a series of Friday evening talks on Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mrs. Hornbrooke recently gave a notable lecture on "The Destruction of Birds for Ornamentation," which was repeated in All Souls' Church, Roxbury.

Newton Centre, Mass.—A recent event in this church worthy of special notice was the large gathering of members of all the young people's religious societies of the place,—Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopalian,—in the parlors of the Unitarian church, to partake of the hospi-

tality of the Hale Union, and to confer together about the formation of an association for Christian work. Representatives of the different societies described their methods and activities, and others made cordial and earnest addresses in favor of co-operation in all ways where association would be practicable. The new booklet hymnal of the Y. P. R. U. was used, a Methodist leading the singing. And it was singing! By unanimous vote steps were taken to form the union, and then the throng of young people discussed the refreshments.

Newton Highlands, Mass.—"'All Souls' Unitarian Church" has been organized here as the result of the good work done, encouraging the liberal movement there by William S. Jones and the late Abel M. Rice, students from Harvard Divinity School. So confident of success is this new church that it has extended a call to Mr. Jones. It is expected that he will accept, and so continue his profitable labors.

Northampton, Mass.—Rev. George C. Cressey has just concluded a course of six sermons explanatory of the main doctrinal basis of the Unitarian faith. These sermons have called forth great interest, and many students and members of other churches have attended. Mr. Cressey has a large and growing Bible Class and a special study class of students meeting at his house on Sunday evenings.

Oak Park, Ill.—The twenty-seventh annual meeting, on March 29, was a pleasant and enthusiastic affair. Though the customary supper was not served, fifty-six were present. Had it not been for the important school meeting on the same evening, in which so many of our people are rightly interested, the attendance would have been much larger. The reports from the various societies and officers of the parish were received with applause. Each department of the church was able to report *all bills paid*, and a balance on hand, as follows: parish, $64.23, with assets of $47 unpaid subscriptions; Sunday-school, $10.14; Ladies' Social Union, $5.90; Y .P. C. U., $15.84; King's Daughters, $4.35; Junior King's Daughters, $10; King's Sons, $4.72; Saturday Night Club, $4.68; Birthday Fund, $4.19.

The most agreeable fact was to find so large a surplus in our parish treasury. A month ago, finding a lack of funds sufficient to pay all bills for the year impending, a call was made on the parish for extra subscriptions. So generous was the response that more than the amount needed was promptly paid. When the fact is considered that the parish had already raised nearly double the ordinary expenses, this hearty response is a splendid testimonial to the spirit of the people.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The new church of the Spring Garden Unitarian Society, on Girard Avenue, was dedicated with appropriate and impressive services on Tuesday evening, March 30. There was a very large attendance, many persons being present from New York, Brooklyn, Wilmington, Del., and also from the other Unitarian churches in Philadelphia.

Phœnix, Ark.—Rev. A. J. Swarts, formerly connected with the Methodists, has rallied the liberal elements in this promising young city, and begun service in the Opera House. It is hoped that a firmly established Unitarian society may result. Rev. C. Covell of Illinois, one of our Unitarian ministers, now on a brief vacation in Phœnix, is lending a helping hand.

Portland, Ore.—The Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference is to be held here May 5, 6, and 7. Rev. William R. Alger is to preach the opening sermon and give an essay. Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, C. W. Wendte, A. J. Wells, and George R. Dodson will participate. Rev. Messrs. Dr. Eliot, Earl M. Wilbur of Portland, and W. E. Copeland of Salem, and others are to speak. Several laymen of prominence will take part. The Woman's Conference is arranging its programme for the occasion.

Portsmouth, N.H.—By the will of the late Miss Charlotte M. Haven, $5,000 is left to the Charity Fund of the South Parish Unitarian Church, $1,000 to the Sunday-school, and $1,000 to the Ladies' Society. Also $6,000 to Meadville Theological School, besides many other bequests to public charities, and $25,000 to Harvard University.

Providence, R.I.—Easter was observed in the Olney Street Church by appropriate services. The pastor, Rev. William F. Furman, spoke to a large audience on "The Sign of the Prophet Jonah."

The usual collection for the American Unitarian Association was taken, and amounted to $50.

—The Women's Alliance of the First Congregational Church gave an "Edward Everett Hale Birthday Party" in the chapel parlors on Monday, April 5. The children gathered in the afternoon and, under the direction of Miss Annette Ham, enjoyed an hour of music, recitations, and games. A great birthday cake, surrounded by seventy-five candles, was brought in, and shared among them. In the evening the older people came to a chafing-dish supper, and

afterward listened to an address by Mr. Lord, and to readings from Dr. Hale's writings by Mrs. Arnold B. Chace and Mr. Francis Pratt. Both the afternoon and evening gatherings sent birthday greetings to Dr. Hale.

Randolph, Mass.—We are few in numbers here; but all are interested, and are striving in every way to help the good work on. Our Sunday-school is in a good condition, and is under the management of Miss Emma Stetson. A large infant department is looked after by Miss Mabel S. Knights and her assistants, and is in a flourishing condition. The Unity Club has a large membership, and meets the last Friday of each month. The exercises are of a literary character, and are of much profit and enjoyment. The Unity Benevolent Society has a membership of about forty. Meetings are held the second Wednesday of each month. The past year over $200 has been raised and spent for charity.

Redlands, Cal.— Rev. Joseph Cady Allen was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church at an enthusiastic service, March 18, when the beautiful church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. J. S. Thomson preached the sermon; prayer of installation, Rev. W. M. Jones of Pasadena; charge to the minister, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce of Pomona; right hand of fellowship, Rev. E. F. Dinsmore of Santa Barbara; address to the church, Rev. Dr. Fay of Pasadena. A platform meeting was held in the evening, when the following addresses were given: "The Essence of Religion," Rev. J. S. Thomson; "The Good and the Evil of Revivals," Rev. U. G. B. Pierce; "The Theological Trend of the Period," Rev. E. F. Dinsmore; "Business as Religion and Religion as Business," Rev. W. M. Jones; "The Function of the Pulpit," Rev. J. C. Allen; "Intellectual Honesty in Religion," Rev. Dr. Fay.

Rockville, Conn.—Rev. E. C. Headle has gathered a most loyal and earnest band of liberal Christians. They are determined to establish themselves, and through the regular Sunday service, the Sunday-school, and the Alliance, are exerting an ever-increasing influence upon the community.

Salem, Mass.— Rev. E. J. Prescott was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Salem, March 30, at 2.30, appropriate service being participated in by Rev. H. C. McDougall of Marblehead, Rev. C. H. Puffer of the First Universalist, Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D., of Boston, Rev. E. D. Towle of the East Unitarian, Rev. George Croswell Cressey, the former pastor of the church, now settled in Northampton, Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Rev. Alfred Manchester of the Barton Square Unitarian, and Rev. George D. Latimer of the North Unitarian churches.

The Alliance of the First Church has given Salem a treat in bringing Miss Field to the city to read from her father's work.

Alliance and guild are busy in many good works at the East Church. The guild has been specially active in promoting social relations between the various young people's societies in this vicinity.

The North Church Alliance has entertained the neighboring Alliance very pleasantly. Rev. George D. Latimer read and interpreted Browning's poem "Caliban."

The North Church Alliance has sent a $50 scholarship to Calhoun, and the First, East, and Barton Square Churches have united in sending a like scholarship.

The Barton Square Club is preparing an entertainment, by which it hopes to pay off the last part of the debt which it assumed in 1893, when extensive repairs and alterations on the vestry were made.

Barton Square Church has lost a good friend by the death of Hon. Stephen H. Phillips. Mr. Phillips was the first child christened in the church, and has been prominent in its affairs for many years. He was active in the Essex Conference, and a promoter of all good causes. He was an ex-attorney-general of Massachusetts, and was faithful to many public trusts, being highly respected and honored by his fellow-citizens.

San Bernardino, Cal.— Some months ago a few of the families connected with the former Unitarian movement here decided that they must have some place to send their children on Sundays. They accordingly met and organized a school under the superintendency of Mrs. Ballard Wall. This school has held meetings every Sunday, and from a few members has grown to forty and forty-five pupils, with a Bible class of twenty young people. Great interest is felt; and it is hoped that this school may be the means of keeping alive the old movement, ready for further expansion when opportunity and means will permit the maintenance of regular church services.

San Diego, Cal.—Rev. Solon Lauer recently preached to four hundred people on "The American Church." He proposed a home-grown organization of religion in this country, free of old world ecclesiasticisms, reverent to the past, but true to the inspirations of the present, and adjusted to American principles and needs.

San Jose, Cal.—The Woman's League here, though small in numbers, is brimful of energy and perseverance. During the past year, under its auspices—assisted, however, by the hearty co-operation of all the

members of the church and congregation—there have been held various entertainments, the net returns aggregating over $500, of which $454.40 have been turned over to the secretary of the church.

Springfield, Mass.—Church of the Unity: A meeting of the Women's Alliance was held March 11. Mrs. Maria L. Owen read a paper on "Theodore Parker." This was followed by a discussion on "Our Proper Church Work." Loyalty to the church and interest in all its different branches of work were emphasized. A letter from the New London (Conn.) church was read, thanking the Alliance for their recent gift. Tea was served at the close of the meeting by Mrs. Bragg and Miss Fowler. Miss Angelina Stebbins has remembered the Post-office Mission with a gift of $200.

Stockton, Cal.—Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes has been preaching here for several Sundays, and finds that the Unitarian movement, although pastorless, is not dormant. The Sunday-school is quite lively.

Taunton, Mass.—Ten years of successful work together is something of which both pastor and people have reason to be proud; and from the pulpit of the old First Parish in Taunton, on April 4, Rev. John P. Forbes preached a sermon to mark his tenth anniversary.

The church has not only paid its way in ordinary expenditures, but it stands wholly free from debt, has expended $5,000 on permanent improvements in the church building, and has given over $13,000 for strictly denominational and charitable purposes.

A hint of the love and esteem in which church and pastor are held was given by the large number of persons, young and old, of the parish and outside of it, who gathered on Wednesday evening, May 7, in the chapel to take part in the reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes.

Toronto, Can.—A departure from the usual custom of our Unitarian churches was introduced by the pastor, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, on the last Sunday of March. After the preliminary services of the morning, and just before the sermon, he called before the pulpit eight young ladies and gentlemen, who by recently signing our membership roll had expressed themselves in accord with the general aims and purposes of the church organization, and welcomed them each in turn with a cordial shake of the hand and a few timely words to church fellowship.

Walpole, Mass.—On April 1, in the vestry of the First Parish Church, many friends of Mr. C. G. Hartshorne, known in the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, united in a testimonial to his untiring labor and interest in his religious home, which is consecrated to him by tender memories of parents and grandparents, who in their day fulfilled their duty to the old church. Words of appreciation were expressed by the pastor, Rev. R. W. Savage, and others. Life membership in the American Unitarian Association was presented to Mr. Hartshorne; and a well-spread table, music, and flowers, from the Lend a Hand Club, contributed to make the evening one to be recalled with satisfaction.

Washington, D.C.—Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached here April 4, in exchange with Rev. E. B. Leavitt. As was certain to be the case the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. This society has never been in a more prosperous and happy condition than at present.

Waverley, Mass.—Rev. Hilary Bygrave encouraged for several years a hopeful movement here. Later this work was taken up by Rev. C. A. Livingston, who succeeded the present year in getting an attractive edifice built. The society is independent and prospering in all ways.

West Buxton, Me.—Introductory services were held here last fall by Mr. C. E. Ordway of Meadville Theological School. With devotion and tact he held services throughout the winter. The people themselves paid all expenses; and, after the short vacation which they are having while the roads are bad, they intend to continue the services.

Westerly, R.I.—The new church has secured the services of Mr. George F. Weeks, and under his guidance and inspiration has made very encouraging gains. A Sunday-school has been organized. Services are held in the morning as well as the evening, the congregations numbering at times over one hundred and fifty; and the promise is that the "Church of Our Father" will be one of the strongest societies in this flourishing city.

West Somerville, Mass.—The church has been strengthened the past winter by the labors of Mr. Harry White of the Divinity School. It has been difficult to win adherents to this movement, but now it would seem to have a good chance for success.

West Upton, Mass.—The annual meeting of the First Unitarian Society in Upton, held on Monday evening, March 29, was of unusual interest to all. The meeting was called to order by the president, Rev. George S. Ball, followed by reports from officers and committees. The encouraging features were the satisfactory financial condition of the society, all obligations having been met and a contribution sent to the American Unitarian Association. The

voting membership list had been increased by thirty-six names. Excellent reports were read of the work of the Ladies' Circle and Sunday-school by their secretaries. Rev. George S. Ball, Albert Davis, Walter B. Clapp, and Mr. E. C. Lyford were elected members of the board of trustees. The treasurer, Eli W. Batchelor, clerk, J. L. Metcalf, and auditor, Albert H. Chapman, were re-elected. The crowning joy of the evening was the gift of the church property from the heirs of the late William Knowlton to the society, for use and enjoyment forever. Rev. Mr. Ball accepted the munificent gift in behalf of the society, and presented resolutions in acknowledgment.

Whitman, Mass.—A course of eight popular lectures has just been closed here, being given on Sunday evenings in the Unitarian church. Large audiences were in attendance, great interest shown, and, being free to all, the necessary expenses were met by a voluntary contribution at each lecture. The result was a success in every way. As one direct result of one of the lectures, twenty-one Bands of Mercy were formed in our public schools. By recent action of the society the following will hereafter constitute the conditions of membership: "Any person may become a member of this society by signing the by-laws and by subscribing to the following bond of union: 'In the love of the truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite ourselves for the worship of God and the service of man.'" The largest audiences in the history of the society, it is said, are now present.

Willimantic, Conn.—Rev. S. R. Free is winning more and more to the Unitarian standard. Congregations of one hundred and fifty to two hundred frequently listen to him, and his Sunday-school almost fills the large hall of meeting.

Woburn, Mass.—A year of marked success in the history of our parish has been brought to a close, and the outgoing members of the Parish Committee have every reason to be proud of the result of their very efficient labors.

On April 11 was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of this parish, the morning and evening services being given up to the festivities of the occasion.

In just one week from our golden anniversary Easter dawned upon us on a perfect day, of clear skies and warm sunshine. With sweet music and lovely flowers this festival was pleasingly celebrated with an appropriate sermon in the morning, and at 4 P.M. a concert for the Sunday-school was given.

Mrs. Parker, our minister's wife, seems to have endless resources for planning and executing for the benefit of the church. She conceived and carried out very successfully an appropriate entertainment for Patriots' Day. This consisted of a loan exhibition of colonial relics in the church parlor, also an exhibition of very exquisite china painting and art needlework loaned by several ladies of the church. One collection of embroideries is worthy of especial mention as the work of one of the oldest members and one of the best friends of the church, Mrs. Timothy Winn. At seventy-six years of age she displayed over one hundred pieces of the most beautiful handwork, which excited the greatest admiration among visitors. It took, as it was worthy of it, the highest place in the exhibition, and attracted more people than anything else, although the room was full of exceedingly interesting articles. At 6.30 an old-time supper was served in the vestry to a large and hungry company, to which full justice was done. The attendants were in the quaintest of colonial costumes, exciting admiration as well as merriment as they moved about among the tables. In the evening a colonial ballad concert was very acceptably rendered, and appreciated by a large audience.

The Woburn Branch of the New England Associate Alliance held its regular meeting on April 1; and after the business had been transacted we enjoyed listening to a finely written paper on "Why is Life Worth Living?" by Mrs. Wheeler of Boston, after which a tea was served in the parlor. The next meeting of the Alliance will be addressed by Rev. C. A. Russell on Hymnology.

Wollaston, Mass.—There is great rejoicing here that our pastor, Rev. James E. Bagley, has declined the flattering call to Greenfield, Mass. Our society has made such a steady growth under Mr. Bagley, and is in such a thoroughly healthy condition and so full of enthusiasm, that the prospects are very encouraging; and the question of enlarging the seating capacity of the church will have to be considered.

Worcester, Mass.—The South Unitarian Church has received another gift from James A. and Mrs. Norcross. Their gift is a valuable piece of land. Mr. Norcross saw the advantage of carrying the lot at the rear of the church, and upon which the parish house is to be ultimately built, out to the street, and quietly made the purchase of the necessary land, and presented it to the society.

At the quarterly meeting of the society at the church last night the gift was accepted with the sincere and enthusiastic appreciation of the members.

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